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JOURNAL

OF A

VOYAGE TO PERU,

&c. &c.

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ASCENDING THE CUMBRE OF THE ANDES
IN THE DEPTH OF WINTER, AUGT 28, 1827.

JOURNAL

OF A

VOYAGE TO PERU:

A PASSAGE

ACROSS THE CORDILLERA OF THE ANDES,

IN THE WINTER OF 1827,

PERFORMED ON FOOT IN THE SNOW;

W.g.7

AND

A JOURNEY ACROSS THE PAMPAS.

83868

BY LIEUT. CHAS. BRAND, R. N.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.
1828.

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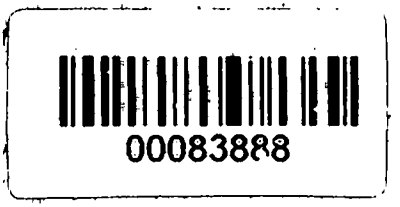

PREFACE.

THE following sheets contain a narrative of my journey across the Continent of South America, in the month of August, 1827; and my return by the same route in the month of December following.

The Journal was written, according to a very general custom amongst Naval Officers, solely for the information and amusement of

my friends, without any view to publication; but, since my arrival in this country, I have been persuaded to present it to the notice of the public, in the humble hope that it may be found to contain some information useful to those, whose business or pleasure may lead them to pursue the paths which I have so recently trodden.

To the character of a literary work, this Journal has no pretensions; for it was written in haste from day to day, during very rapid journies. Every scene described was written on the spot; and circumstances have since prevented me from arranging these hasty sketches in a form more worthy the public attention. I trust, however, that it will be found to contain a faithful account of the various difficulties a traveller has to encounter in crossing

the Continent of South America in the winter season; and I hope that the kind indulgence so generally extended towards a first production, will not be withheld on the present occasion.

London, July 1, 1828.

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Introduction—Departure from England—Feelings of the Passengers—Pass under the Sun—Divine Service at Sea—Reflection—Cross the Equator—Neptune's Visit—Arrive at Rio Janeiro—Scenery of Rio Janeiro—Description of the Slave Market—Visit to the Botanical Garden—Sail from Rio Janeiro—Arrival at Monte Video—Prepare to Travel through the Banda Oriental.

In commencing the narrative of my journey, I shall not detain my readers with any account of the nature or objects of the mission on which I was employed, as my purpose is merely to give them an account of the journey itself.

Dispensing, therefore, with all preliminary observations, I shall place myself at once on board his Majesty's Packet, Duke of York, sailing from Falmouth on the 23d of April, 1827, on her voyage to Monte Video, where she was to land her passengers for Buenos Ayres, in consequence of that port being closely blockaded by the Brazilian squadron.

If this had been the first time of bidding adieu to my native land, I might probably have indulged in some reflections on the occasion; but being accustomed from my childhood to a life of wandering, such frequent departures from the shores of old England have destroyed the novelty of those sensations which necessarily arise when taking a last, long, and lingering look at the white cliffs fading from the view. I will not, therefore, weaken those feelings by attempting a description which would be devoid of all the interesting charms of novelty; yet I could not help observing the extraordinary way in which they worked upon those who had left

their homes and country for the first time in their lives. As they were fast losing sight of that dear land of their fathers, their hearts appeared to sink within them—every tender feeling and association seemed to arise; and from never having experienced the same sensations before, they gazed with astonishment as it receded from their view, straining their eyes to catch the last faint glimpse, until the involuntary tear convinced them that all traces were gone, save what remained in memory alone. Then would they seek to give vent to their feelings in the privacy of their cabins, from whence might be heard many a deep-drawn sigh issuing from a heart that keenly felt what it was thus to part from all it held most dear,—probably for ever.

Proceeding on our course, at the rate of 140 miles per day, with a fine fair breeze from the SW., we made Porto Santo on the 3d of May, and were fortunate enough to fall in with the NE. trade wind.

The dawn of the ensuing morning presented

to our view the beautiful island of Madeira, with its lofty summits enveloped in dark grey clouds; and the next day we passed the Deserters, bearing West, from whence a fresh departure was taken. We soon began to feel a sensible change of temperature, accompanied by a continuance of fine weather, the effects of which were very perceptible amongst our sea-sick passengers, whose spirits beginning to revive, the stiffness natural to a first introduction, was soon exchanged for mutual cordiality; and the usual jokes were commenced upon those who had not been at sea before, (of whom there were several,) such as persuading them that porpoises were young whales, or that every sail we saw was a pirate bearing down to plunder us, &c. However ridiculous these things may appear to my readers, the degree of credibility with which they were received was highly amusing to us; and were it not for a few of these practical jokes now and then, the monotony of a sea voyage would sometimes be very

irksome; for, pent up in a small vessel, the spirits will droop; and where is recreation to be found, but in amusements so apparently trifling as these?

On the *7th* of *May* we crossed the tropic of Cancer, in long. 20° 8′ W. Old Neptune, according to custom, hailed the ship from his invisible car, in order to procure the names of those who had not travelled in his dominions before. After receiving them, he vanished, promising to pay another visit at his head-quarters, (the Equator,) very much to the horror of some of our friends on board, who verily believed the ship struck upon the line.

Flying-fish, and "Holothuria physalis," commonly called Portuguese men-of-war, now began to make their appearance; and the beautiful prismatic-coloured bladders of the latter, as the sun shone upon them, reflected all the beautiful rays of sparkling emeralds. Should any person happen to touch the long fibres that hang from them, he will suffer most excruciating pain, far

worse than that which is produced by stinging-nettles.

On the *9th*, we passed under the sun, in lat. 17° 15′ N. but owing to the denseness of the atmosphere, and fine strong breeze, felt no inconvenience from the heat; the thermometer standing at 72° of Fahrenheit (which I shall always quote) in the shade. The next day we passed the island of Bonavista, one of the Cape de Verds, but the weather being hazy, our view of it was very indistinct.

May 11*th*. Sultry weather; ther. 80°. The Pole star now began to draw its course very near the horizon; a sure sign of our rapid progress into the southern hemisphere.

May 13*th*. Sunday. Light winds with sultry weather; ther. 84°. Divine service was performed by the captain; and it was truly pleasing to observe the very great attention paid by the crew on this occasion, most of whom had their bibles and prayer-books. The quiet and orderly behaviour of this ship's company was particu-

larly remarked by Captain Lyon and the other passengers. Not a word of offensive language, or an oath was heard on board; and, it is but justice to Lieutenant Snell, the commander, to say, that no greater proof could be given of the good order and discipline of his ship. The sight was truly gratifying; for where can there be one more solemn and impressive, than a body of sailors assembled together on a ship's decks, beneath the vast canopy of heaven, floating on the mighty waters, rendering their praise to "Him, who alone spreadest out the heavens, and rulest the raging of the sea,"—when every thing around them speaks so sensibly to their minds, how dependent they are upon His mercy and goodness for protection—only a few inches of frail plank between them and eternity; and, probably, not another human voice, save theirs, floating on the silent deep for thousands of miles around them? Would sailors but reflect, then would they acknowledge the wonders of the Lord!

It has often struck me, and may not here be inapplicable, that a sailor's life, above all others, is the one that ought to inspire him with holy thoughts and incline him to piety; having the force of his own insignificance so continually before his eyes, he cannot but hourly feel what he is in the great scale of creation.

To show his constant dependence for preservation and protection on the goodness of the Almighty power, and prove that he ought to feel his own insignificance in the scale of creation more than any other man, I will only place him on his own element in a little boat. Does he not feel that his sole dependence for security is in that frail bark? But, if a breeze should spring up or the clouds darken, he flies for refuge to his ship, and soon forgets his dependence on the boat, because she is so insignificant compared to the ship. Now, let him compare himself to the boat, then the boat to the ship, the ship to the sea, the sea to the whole universe, and the whole universe to the great Creator of all things;

then, I say, if he reflects at all, he will be astounded, and bend in silent wonder to offer up his heartfelt gratitude to that supreme Being, who alone has so long watched over him, and wonderfully preserved him in all the dangers through which he has passed.

On the 14*th* of *May* we lost the trade wind, and experienced calm, sultry weather till the 19*th*, accompanied with those heavy rains, thunder, and lightning, which are so common on nearing the equator. Many flying fish came on board, being pursued by the dolphin, albacore, &c. These little fish have many enemies to contend with, and their wings being their only means of escape, often lead them on board ships, when endeavouring to avoid their pursuers.

The light, variable winds continued till the 23*d*, when we got the SE. trade, and found a current setting us to the westward. On the 25*th* crossed the equator in longitude 27° 30′ W. After dinner received our visit from the watery god, accompanied by his numerous retinue of

nondescript amphibious animals; the usual ceremony of shaving was performed with all due solemnity on those who had not before been in a southern latitude; and it may be singular to record, that so great and interesting a traveller, as my friend, Captain Lyon, had never before crossed the equator; he, therefore, came in for his share of the delightful ablutions that were most liberally bestowed on the occasion by the grisly deity and his willing attendants.

On the *26th*, passed several large flocks of birds, and numbers of the Portuguese Men-of-war before mentioned. In the evening we were nearly run on board by the George the Fourth from Bahia, bound to Trieste; so blind was her look-out, that had we not luffed close up in the wind, and hailed her to bear away, she must have run us down.

About the latitude 36° S. experienced heavy squalls of wind and rain. On the 6th of June saw Cape Frio bearing W. by N. ½ N. forty miles: ran all night with a fine NNE. breeze, and at

daybreak next morning were off the entrance of the harbour of Rio Janeiro. As the sun rose it fell nearly calm, and the land breeze headed us; in the evening got the sea breeze, which carried us in. Passing Fort Santa Cruz on the right, they hailed us, and fired the alarm gun, accompanied by a rocket; we were soon abreast of Forts St. Joao and Lage, where we were desired to anchor, but on informing them it was his Majesty's packet, we were allowed to proceed, and cast anchor at ten p. m. off the town: thus making the passage from Falmouth in forty-five days.

June 8th. This morning had an opportunity of seeing the beautiful scenery that surrounded us—mountains beyond mountains in every direction. On our right was the town: the sun reflecting its rays on the white houses, gave it a most picturesque effect; the noble bay stretched before us for many miles, till the view was bounded by the lofty Organ Mountains, the summits of which have a most peculiar and remarkable form-

ation; astern lay the entrance of the harbour, strongly protected by Forts Santa Cruz, St. Joao, and Lage. The lively and animated scene in the bay, after forty-five days' monotony on board, did not fail to give us all a desire to be among the moving panorama which surrounded us.

On landing at the palace stairs, the first object that presented itself to our view, was eight poor negroes chained neck to neck, carrying water on their heads, guarded by a black policeman, with a sword for his emblem of office; thus at once reminding us we were far removed from the land of liberty. The slave population appears enormous here: I should say, at least ten to one. Groupes of poor negroes passed us, singing their native songs to lighten their burdens, which they carried on their heads, and always at a trot: one first sings a verse, then all the rest join chorus. These groupes consisting of from ten to twenty, are continually passing and repassing, which keeps the town in one continued noise and uproar. I never saw a place so

thickly populated in my life: the town had the complete appearance of a fair. Hearing that a large cargo of slaves had recently been landed, I went, in company with a friend, to the market, where this horrid traffic in human cattle (for such are they looked upon) is carried on to its greatest extent. The first flesh-shop we entered contained about three hundred children, male and female; the eldest might have been twelve or thirteen years old, and the youngest not more than six or seven. The poor little things were all squatted down in an immense ware-room, girls on one side, and boys on the other, for the better inspection of the purchasers; all their dress consisted of a blue-and-white checked apron tied round the waist; and but for their being separated, it was impossible to distinguish boys from girls. It was a novel, but painful sight to see so many children torn from their homes and parents for such a purpose. Poor things! they were chattering, laughing, and playing with each other, as if perfectly

happy. As long as they remained together, my friend informed me, they were always so; but when they began to sell off, in proportion as their numbers decreased, so their spirits fell, till at last they became dull and sullen. No wonder, poor wretches! The smell and heat of the room was very oppressive and offensive. Having my pocket thermometer with me, I observed it stood at 92°. It was then winter; how they fare at night in the summer, when they are shut up, I do not know, for in this one room they live and sleep, on the floor, like cattle in all respects. In the next store there were about fifty boys, of a different nation from the children: they were not in such good spirits as the little ones, probably feeling the loss of their companions, and not knowing why or wherefore they had left them, or for what purpose they remained behind; some might have been separated from their fathers, mothers, brothers, or sisters, and gone, they knew not where. The next store contained fewer still, about eighteen or twenty,

most of them men, and four or five women; these displayed misery in the extreme. Some were sitting silent and sullen—others pensively awaiting their doom like oxen at the slaughter, to go—they knew not whither! Lord Byron's description of men awaiting their doom in his poem on Darkness might here be truly applied. "Each sat sullenly apart, some lay down and wept, others hurried to and fro, and looked up with mad disquietude, others rest their chins upon their clenched hands and smiled." Yes, they did smile; but in that smile might be traced agony and deep distress, plainly indicating the misery that was working within. This scene of horror created very painful feelings and associations, which even the society of my fellow-passengers, and the good dinner provided at O'Brien's hotel, was some time in totally removing from my mind.

Saturday, June 9th. This morning made up a party to visit the botanical garden. Not being a sufficient botanist to describe all I saw, I can

only say that I was highly gratified with the beautiful romantic ride of six miles, and pleased with all that was novel to me. Here I first saw the tea-plant. The garden was far from being in good order, and very inferior to the one at the Isle of France. The bread-fruit tree appeared in great perfection.

Returning to town, I met Commodore Taylor of the Brazilian navy, whom I formerly knew at the Cape of Good Hope, as lieutenant of His Majesty's ship Blossom; he very kindly invited me to spend the day with him, which I was obliged to decline on account of our time for sailing being fixed for the following morning. His left bosom was covered with different orders received from the emperor; but they could not disguise the feelings of his heart, which still yearned for his native land.

Captain Lyon here left us, much to my regret; for in him I found a sincere friend and most interesting companion.

June 10*th*. We sailed for Monte Video. Find-

ing the blockade still remained in force, it may naturally be supposed that we were all anxiety as to how we should be able to get to Buenos Ayres.

On making an offing, we got a fine steady breeze from the NNE. On the 12*th*, the stormy peterels, or cape pigeons, came screaming close to the ship; this circumstance is looked upon by the sailors as the sure indication of an approaching storm: several were caught with a hook and line—they are not eatable, being very strong and oily. In the evening clouds began to rise, and lightning was observed playing about the horizon in the SW. Sail was immediately shortened, and every preparation made for what now appeared pretty evident was coming. The lightning increased vividly, with heavy claps of thunder, which brought down torrents of rain, and it came on to blow a heavy pampero, that lay us under our close-reefed topsails, lowered down on the cap for nearly an hour, it then settled into a gale, with a heavy cross sea running, (occasioned

by the sudden shift of wind,) which continued till the 15*th*, ending in a strong breeze from the SSE. Let sailors take warning in these latitudes during this season of the year; however fine the weather, when lightning is seen playing in the SW. they will do well to make all possible preparation for an approaching pampero. When we got this wind, the thermometer instantly fell from 78° to 67°. I regretted much there being no barometer on board to have observed its variation; our constitutions being susceptible, we sensibly felt the sudden transition.

From this time till the 21*st*, we had light SW. winds, with cold weather, thermometer down to 50°, on which day we made the Cape St. Mary's, and on the 22*nd* arrived at Monte Video.

At this place all the passengers were landed, and the captain sent a letter to the Brazilian admiral, craving permission for us to be allowed to proceed to Buenos Ayres in the packet, which was refused. The absurdity of passengers not being allowed to go up by the packets is

scarcely credible, for it is well known they go by land, and have to encounter the dangers of a distracted country, where many robberies are committed by the Gauchos, and deserters frequently to be met with. Passports are to be procured to carry you through the Brazilian line; then nothing further is required, but to make the best of your way. Wishing myself to avoid such a disagreeable journey, I had laid my plans to endeavour to get on board the packet when dark came on; so when that time arrived I crept silently along to the sea-side, passing the centinels very well till I came to the mole-head, and was just on the point of stepping into the boat, when one of them perceiving my intentions, frustrated all my plans, and it was with great difficulty I evaded being sent to the guard-house. Thus was my object defeated: two minutes sooner would have saved me the very unpleasant journey I went through.

June 23rd. Employed ourselves preparing to

start, and purchasing ponchos,* xergas,† saddles, &c. Our luggage was left on board to go up by the packet. Finding horses were not to be procured, we hired a mule-cart to carry ourselves and saddles to the town of Canelones, a distance of ten leagues. The reports we heard of the state of the country, induced some of our passengers to remain behind and wait the result of Garcia's treaty; but five of us being anxious to get to Buenos Ayres, decided upon starting the following morning, so accordingly procured our passports from the commandant of the town, in order to clear us of the Brazilian line of troops. Our plea for going beyond it was, to visit an English gentleman that lived a short distance in the country; but the commandant well knew our object, and most politely wished us a pleasant journey.

* A kind of cloak used for riding by day, and answers the purpose of a covering at night: it may be compared to a blanket with a split in the centre to put the head through.

† A kind of rug for putting under the saddle, and laying upon at night.

CHAPTER II.

Leave Monte Video—Reports of the state of the Banda Oriental—Brazilian Out-posts—Patriot Out-posts—Wild appearance of the Troops—Arrive at Canelones—Departure—Guide's fear of Robbers—Get benighted, and lose our way—Method of marking Horses—Deserters about—Arrive at Las Vacas—Embark in an open whale-boat to cross Rio de la Plata—Driven on the Sand-banks—Arrive at Buenos Ayres—Prepare for crossing the Pampas.

June 24th. Left Monte Video in our mule-cart. On passing the barriers of the town, came to the deserted village of Tres Cruces, which is fast falling to decay, having still many good houses unoccupied, the war preventing any person inhabiting them; passing this village, we opened a fine meadow country, but very wild in appearance for want of cultivation. As we cleared it, we met some wild Gauchos driving in about three hundred head of cattle, which

they had just stolen, or as they more mildly termed it, captured from the interior.

At about a league from Monte Video are the Brazilian out-posts, where we delivered our passports. The troops were all black. As we came up to them, about fifty were marching off to their different stations with a band at their head, playing the Hunting Chorus of Der Freitchutz.

Proceeding on, and arriving at the top of the first rise of ground, we got sight of the Patriot line of troops, (if troops they may be called,) and very soon came up to them; on ascertaining our purpose, they allowed us to proceed, but gave us by no means a pleasant account of the difficulties we might expect to encounter. Certainly these men had a most terrific and wild appearance: they were all mounted on half wild horses, no shoes or stockings, with tremendous large spurs fastened to their naked heels by strips of hide: their long black hair hung down their backs, huge black mustachios, red caps, and blue pouches lined with red, underneath which, as

they galloped to and fro, appeared a brace of pistols in front, and a large long knife stuck behind; added to all this, they carried a sabre and blunderbuss: those that had not the latter, had old muskets, fowling-pieces, &c. Upon the whole, they had much more the appearance of an armed banditti, than patriots fighting for the liberties of their country.

About a mile from this post came to a hut, where we ascertained more fully the state of the country. Many robberies had been committed by the deserters from both armies, (armed parties I should call them.) The Banda Orientalists were in arms against the treaty of Garcia* being acceded to, which was, to give up the Banda Oriental to the Brazilians. This they were determined to oppose, and were highly incensed against the English, whom they supposed were interested in the treaty. The deserters were numerous, robbing and murdering in every direction: such

* The Brazilian minister who went up to Buenos Ayres in order to effect such a treaty.

were the reports we heard of the state of the country we should have to pass through, and which were soon more fully confirmed by our meeting the English gentleman before mentioned, who advised us not to proceed further, but send our muleteer forward, to endeavour to procure horses, as it would be better to trust to them in the event of falling in with any deserters, than to be in the mule-cart.

On finding things in this state, one of our party, not having the same necessity for proceeding as the rest of us, declined going further, so returned to Monte Video, in company with this gentleman, leaving us now reduced to four, three Englishmen and one Spaniard.

We travelled on, passing through a fine meadow country, abounding in wild ostriches and deer, with some few flocks of cattle grazing far away from their Estancias. Vultures were very numerous: one sat perched on the back of an unfortunate horse, absolutely eating the live flesh: this is a frequent occurrence, when they

have sore backs. At sunset, arrived at Canelones, without meeting any obstruction, where we stopped for the night, and had most miserable dirty beds, (swarming with fleas,) I laid on an catre.*

Canelones is principally inhabited by emigrants from Monte Video, and all the men capable of bearing arms form a militia, continually on the alert for the protection of the place. We were detained for passports till past noon of the next day, the 25*th*, when we procured horses, and a little guide, only five years old, to take us to St. Lucia, a miserable village, situated on the banks of the river from which it takes its name. This child rode on a very fine horse, and sang the native song of the Banda Oriental, the whole way (three leagues.) All I could make out was, "Stand to your arms, brave Orientals, the enemy are coming—fight us and be bold." We crossed the river in a boat, and had to wait on the opposite shore upon

* A wooden frame, with a hide stretched across it.

wards of two hours for horses! When they arrived, the guide made great objection to proceed, as it was then late, and the post seven leagues; however, by dint of coaxing and bribery, we got him on, but he was much afraid of robbers. Night overtook us; and we had to wade through a deep river, or rather arroyo,* situated in a dark, dreary wood: we lost our way in it for some considerable time, wading up to the horses' middles in swampy ground, filled with rushes. At length, about nine P.M., we arrived at the post of St. Joze, situated on the skirts of the village of the same name. At this hovel, swarming with fleas, we got some boiled beef, without bread or salt, all eating out of the same dish, with shells for spoons, and our fingers and teeth for knives and forks. Beds we had none, our saddles were our pillows, and the horse rugs our coverings. We all lay on the mud floor in the same room with the family, which consisted of the man, his wife, and four children: the latter were

* A rivulet.

occupied in picking the disgusting insects off each other. We did not escape, without adding to the stock we had already picked up at Canelones.

Tuesday, 25th. Got tolerable horses, and started at nine, passing through the same fine meadow country, abounding in wild deer, ostriches, hawks, and vultures. Not a habitation was to be seen, till we arrived at the post of Cufre, a distance of twenty-one miles, where we procured fresh horses, the country having the same appearance. Passed a cross, erected to commemorate the spot where an unfortunate traveller had been murdered; arrived at Rosario, twenty-one miles, where they were marking their horses; and it was truly astonishing to see with what dexterity they used the lasso, which is a hide rope, to the end of which is a ring; thus forming a long noose, they whirl it round their heads several times before throwing, and rarely miss catching any horse they please. The marking of the young and wild horses forms

quite a ceremony in South America; the same as our sheep-shearing in England. They are all driven into the corral, which is generally repaired for the purpose. On the entrance being guarded by two peons, several enter with their lassoes, which they keep whirling round their heads to frighten the animals, and make them gallop round; (for they never throw while a horse is still;) and while the animal is at full speed, they throw at the fore legs, which instantly brings him to the ground, head over heels, with amazing force. Without giving him time to rise, a peon jumps upon his neck, holds him fast by the ears, while another applies the red hot iron to the affrighted animal, which is then released. We were detained about half an hour for fresh horses, during which time they marked upwards of twenty. On our road from this place to Sauces, the guide informed us there was a deserter about, looking out for travellers. We arrived at sunset, making sixty-six miles this day.

A soldier came to this post, a very suspicious looking character, and eyed us most minutely, but seeing that we were priming and preparing our pistols for the night, he became very friendly, and we all slept in the same room together—six men and three women. We could neither get bread nor salt at this place, and were swarming with vermin.

Wednesday, 26th. After taking a piece of beef for breakfast, without bread or salt, we procured horses and started: changed at St. Juan, seven leagues, and Tunas, eight leagues; where we had some good bread and milk. This was a good house; the ground near it was cultivated, and large flocks of cattle were grazing on the beautiful meadows. An immense flock of paroquets here flew over our heads—the discordant noise they make is far from being pleasant. From this place the country assumes a more cheerful appearance: passing the remains of the Portuguese camp, which had all the appearance of numerous pig-styes, we came to another cross,

erected on the spot where robbery and murder had been committed; and in the evening, arrived at the village of Las Vacas, making sixty-three miles. It is situated on the banks of a small river, (from whence it takes its name,) that runs into the Uruguay, both emptying themselves into the La Plata.

At this miserable place we could not find any accommodation with respect to beds; but were fortunate enough to procure an empty room for ourselves, where we lay on the mud and dirty floor, on our filthy horse rugs, that were now, from the sore backs, and perspiration of the horses, literally swarming with vermin. The Spanish gentleman that accompanied us was absolutely unable to move, from the effects of such hard riding; and just coming from on board ship, we naturally felt it the more. Each stage of seven leagues was performed within an hour and three quarters. The guides are beautiful horsemen: instantly they mount, they cry "Vamos senores!" and start off at full speed; no-

thing stops them—through mud, water, brooks, and every thing—you must follow, or be left behind.

At Las Vacas we were detained till the 30*th*, with a provoking foul wind, which set in strong during the day, but went down at night. We made two attempts to get out in a balandra,* which we hired for the purpose, but could not get the boatmen to try at night, being afraid to go down to the vessel which lay at the mouth of the harbour, for fear of being attacked by tigers, which we heard were very numerous. Fortunately, a whale-boat arrived from Buenos Ayres, so we left our balandra, forfeiting half freight, and engaging her, embarked in this open whale-boat about sunset on the 30*th*.

On clearing the harbour, we pulled up along shore for fifteen miles, and arrived on board a Spanish gun-boat, laying off Martin Garcia: it was very dark, with drizzling rain. In hopes of its clearing up, we landed in a small creek, and

A small vessel.

made a fire in order to cook a piece of beef for supper. This scene was very wild: the boat lay sheltered in the creek, among very tall rushes; we had a blazing fire in the wood, and were all squatted round it, alternately watching the beef stuck in the midst of the flames and smoke, and the weather, which appeared by no means to look favourable. The wind began to rise, but continued fair; heavy rain came on, and we put on board the gun-boat again to procure a gun-match, in order to look at our compass; for we dared not carry a light, fearing we might be seen by the privateers that are constantly hovering about the place.

On calculating the time of tide, at three in the morning we started, and stood across for the banks to keep out of their way; the wind and rain increased, and we had not advanced many miles before the boat struck several times on these dangerous banks; at length, by press of sail we got her over. I sat with the compass between my knees, anxiously watching our progress; it

came on to blow half a gale of wind; she shipped so much water that it kept us constantly baling. Never shall I forget how anxiously we all looked for daylight, for we scarcely knew where the tide had swept us. At length it dawned upon ten as uncomfortable beings as can well be imagined; miserable and wet through to the skin, cramped up in an open boat, out of sight of land, without knowing where we had drifted, blowing already half a gale, with every appearance of its increasing to a severe one; it was half past eight, and no appearance of land. Almost despairing, we were going to bear away, when, to our great joy, we perceived the ships laying in the outer roads, and soon after saw the town of Buenos Ayres. On going in we were fired at, and brought to, by one of Admiral Brown's guard-vessels, and landed at Buenos Ayres about ten. No person can imagine with what a sensation of joy I stripped myself of my filthy clothes, which had not been off my back for eight days, and literally

swarming with vermin the whole time. After the luxury of a warm bath, I enjoyed an excellent breakfast at Faunch's Hotel, where I found my luggage had been landed from the packet, and also that Garcia's treaty had been rejected with indignation—war appeared to be the order of the day. Norton, the commander of the Brazilian squadron, was laying outside, blockading the port; what prevented him sending in his boats during the night and destroying Admiral Brown's little squadron, I do not know. American vessels were weekly running past him, breaking the blockade, and making fortunes for their owners, while scarce an English one made the attempt; the consequence was, their stores were empty and nothing doing. Paper money was falling to a mere nothing, sixty-four paper dollars to the doubloon, and daily expected to be lower; how war was to be continued and supported with such want of confidence in the government credit will not be for me to enter into. Politics is not

the object of this Journal; suffice it to say, that I only looked on at the progressive ruin before me, sighed for the blessings of old England, and commenced preparations for my journey across the vast and dreary Pampas.

CHAPTER III.

Leave Buenos Ayres—First night on the Pampas—Description of a Post House—Posts protected against the Indians—Description of a Gaucho and his family—Fire on the Pampas—Beautiful driving of the Peons—Family of Indians—Hunting Deer and Ostriches—Cruelty of the Ganchos to their Horses—Hear of Robbers—View of the Hills of the Sierra de Cordova—Arrive at Punta de Agua.

July 24th.—Having arranged with two Spanish gentlemen to take seats in a carriage which they had purchased for the purpose of going to Mendoza, my companion and I, as we had each a load, had no further trouble than to send our luggage up for the cargo horses. About one o'clock we took our seats and started with four horses to the carriage, each mounted by a Peon, whose tremendous long spurs made me feel for the fate of the poor animals on which they rode;

the method of harnessing the horses in this country is, by a long piece of hide rope, with a toggle at the end of it, which is put through a ring attached to the saddle, so that the horse draws entirely on one side and by the girth, but has the convenience of being let go at a moment's notice should he become restive and unmanageable, which is frequently the case. As it was not our intention to go more than seven leagues this day, we did not hurry, nor indeed could we, for the roads were so dreadfully bad on leaving Buenos Ayres, that it was impossible to go faster than a walk, and the Pantanos being so swollen by the late heavy rains, were, in many places, far above the horses knees; this infamous road continued for about a league, lined on each side with aloes and huge prickly pear-trees. On clearing this bad road, the wild Pampas soon opens, covered with thistles as far as the eye can range, amongst which herds of cattle are grazing, near to the Estancias; some of which have the appearance of English farm-houses, having a few

trees surrounding them. The cultivated spots show the beautiful soil with which this country abounds. At four leagues from Buenos Ayres, arrived at the first post, La Figura,* where we changed horses, and, proceeding on, arrived at Puente de Marques at sunset, (three leagues further); at this post we put up for the night. A boy was dispatched for a sheep for our supper; to my astonishment I saw him returning full gallop, with the poor animal trailing on the ground, fastened by the hind legs: its struggles lasted but a little time, for, on arriving, life was extinct; being literally strangled with dragging along the ground. Without attempting to bleed it, the head was cut off; in five minutes it was skinned, and, I may say, smoking with life, put into the pot for supper. This I learnt was always the case, but never having witnessed a thing of the kind before, I need scarcely add, that it took away all my inclination to eat any part of it. Our

* La Figura is not a regular post-house, which I found out on my return. Puente de Marques is the first.

Spanish companions appeared to feel themselves perfectly at home, and enjoyed it very much, quite in the style of the native Gauchos, taking a bone, and using nothing but their teeth and knives; they proved to be brothers, and here we found our party increased by a friend of theirs on horseback, who was going to Mendoza, and intended to keep company with us all the way. The post-room we slept in was tolerable, having a door to it, which is seldom to be met with beyond the province of Buenos Ayres, and which, when the reality of their dreary situation is looked into, is not to be wondered at; in fact, it is more astonishing how or where they can get the wood to build even the miserable hovels they inhabit, when it is taken into consideration that some of them are as far removed as three hundred miles from any thing like a tree; nothing but a wild plain covered with thistles and brush-wood. As a description of this post will serve for the two provinces of Buenos Ayres and Santa Fè, I will give it. It does not require

much detail—all the furniture consists of an old table and two crazy chairs with very high backs, which generally are dangerous to sit down upon; the walls are mud, without any aperture to admit the light, excepting the holes in the frail roof of cane or rushes, and a rent here and there stuffed up with sheeps' skins, old rags, &c. two mud benches, and sometimes, but not often, two catres or frames, with a hide stretched across to sleep upon, forms the sum total of their accommodation; this one had been clean swept out, and we were not much troubled with vermin.

On the 25th we arose betimes, and took our maté or Paraguay tea, which is much esteemed in this country; it is by no means disagreeable; the only part I disliked about it, was sucking from the same tube as my companions, who were not very nice as to cleanliness. It is made by putting the herb in a small gourd, containing about half a pint of water, sugar is added, and then drank by sucking through a silver tube, which is passed from one to another without

ceremony. On starting, the vast Pampas lay stretching before us like a smooth sea, with nothing to obstruct the view. After crossing the Puente de Marques, we changed horses at the Canada de Escobar, six leagues, and soon after arrived at the town of Luxan, three leagues further, where we had breakfast at the Fonda or Inn. It was full of Gauchos, all engaged in their evil propensity of gambling. In one room was a billiard-table, where about half a dozen were betting: in the corner of the room we were in, was a card-table, thronged with betters, whose deposits were on the table; their eager countenances plainly showed the anxiety of mind for the fate of what they had just laid down. I was glad to get away from this scene of uproar, for their irritable dispositions often lead to unpleasant consequences, on the slightest provocation having immediate recourse to their knives; so much so, that any Gaucho found in the town of Buenos Ayres with his knife about his person, is subject to a heavy penalty, and imprisonment.

We completed twenty-two leagues this day, and slept at the post of La Cruz.

26th. Was a bitter cold morning, thermometer at 34°, with the well-known pampero or SW. wind blowing; at twelve leagues from this post, after crossing the river Arricife, we arrived at the post of the same name; there is a deep entrenchment dug round it, and a wall of mud, six feet high, as a protection against the incursions of the Indians: the owner was the stoutest man I ever saw in my life, a complete merry John Bull; he possesses much land and cattle, and is very rich. Passing through the same dreary flat country, leaving the village of Arricife on the left, which consists of eighteen or twenty mud huts, we changed horses at Pontezeulas, six leagues, and arrived at Las Manantiales, or the Springs, five leagues, where, not being able to get a further relay of horses, (being sunset,) we were obliged to remain for the night. This is not a regular post-house,* but our laugh-

* Not having a post-room.

ing host, who was a fat, jolly, good-natured man, did every thing to make his miserable abode as comfortable to us as possible. These people have many amiable qualities—that of urbanity of manners in particular: I wish I could say that my own countrymen possessed half their politeness: give way a little to their humour, and they may be made any thing of. This poor man, humbly and miserably as he was situated, living with his wife and two daughters, in a perfect desert, gave up the only room he had for our service; and when he sat down to eat with us, did not touch his meat without first crossing himself, and breathing a prayer of thanks to his Maker. While we were at our supper inside, we had a noble view without: the thistles had been set on fire to clear the land, and for miles was it to be seen blazing and marching majestically along the horizon, a wilderness of fire. Our Peons had also two blazing fires, which they were assembled close round, cooking their suppers; not a breath of wind moved over the quiet scene,

which, only tended to add melancholy to its dreariness. We all slept on the mud floor in our host's small room, which did not appear to incommode, either himself or his family, for his wife and daughters came and undressed just as if no person had been there. Shortly after, between talking and laughing, we heard them at their prayers, stopping now and then to chat in the middle of them. I could not but think of the good qualities which were evidently innate in this family, and what they might be brought to with a little cultivation and education.

Friday 27th. Frosty morning, we left our good-natured host very early, travelling over the same dreary pampas, our road here and there much cut up by the biscacho holes, which are made by a small animal of the same name, and are dangerous to the horses. It is truly beautiful, at the amazing rate the peons drive, to see with what dexterity they avoid them. After travelling nine leagues, arrived at the Arroyo del Medio, which separates the province of Bue-

nos Ayres from Santa Fé. This stream was so much swollen that we were obliged to put every thing inside the carriage, and cross over on horseback. On the opposite bank we fell in with a family of Indians, whose countenances showed them to be a distinct race of beings from the natives of the province we had just travelled through, although in the provinces of Santa Fé and Cordova, it was very conspicuous how many families were mixed with the Indian race, bearing that dull and inanimate countenance, with coarse black hair, so much resembling the Indians of North America, and so very dissimilar to the fine noble countenances of the Spanish Americans. After changing horses at the posts of Arroyo del Pavon, and Cerrillo del Rosario, we arrived at the banks of a river, where we were again obliged to put every thing inside the carriage, crossing over on the horses, with the water above their chests. Although we had five horses to the carriage, it stuck in the middle, and I had my doubts of their being able

to drag it through the deep mud, but after adjusting their saddles, breathing the horses, and mounting again, the peons made a tremendous noise, and applying their unmerciful long spurs, it was astonishing to see what a steep bank it was dragged up; it was dark when we arrived at the post of Salladillo ó Manantiales, or Salt Springs, where we passed the night, the post being tolerably good. As I intend inserting my thermometrical observations in a table hereafter, I shall merely mention that it was generally a frosty night and morning, with bitter cold wind, but in the middle of the day the thermometer would rise as high as 60° and 65° in the shade, and 80° to 84° in the sun, which rendered the constitution extremely susceptible to such great extremes.

Saturday 28*th.* Beautiful frosty morning; started as the sun rose over the same vast and dreary plain which showed neither house, tree, nor shrub—nothing to obstruct the view from ranging round the horizon of desolation.

As we travelled full speed over this barren country, we were continually starting the affrighted deer, that would fly from us like the wind. It was my custom to ride on horseback ten or twelve leagues every morning. I sometimes amused myself hunting these beautiful animals, and found, after a long chace, I could generally come up with them. Not so with the ostriches; they would march away with the greatest apparent ease from a horse at full speed: they were not numerous, I only saw two during the whole journey across the Pampas. This day we travelled with amazing speed, and I could not but feel for the poor cargo-horses, that carried two heavy portmanteaus, and a bed each, keeping up with the carriage at full gallop. They lace the loads on as if the horses were made of iron: frequently have I seen two men with their feet against the horses' sides, drawing the rope of hide till it has literally been hid in its belly, and the poor animal would stand and cough with pain; they then fasten one horse to the other's

tail, one peon leads the foremost, while another rides behind with a long hide whip, which is incessantly applied without mercy. Cruelty to these noble animals is certainly the worst trait in these people's characters; * the first horse that carried the luggage from Buenos Ayres, dropped instantly the load was taken off its back, and no doubt never rose again, for it then appeared to be breathing its last. Many carcases strewed the road, laying just where they had died, some of them with the straw luggage saddle still on their backs.

After travelling twenty-four leagues, arrived at the village of La Cruz Alta, which separates the province of Santa Fè from Cordova. This village consists of ten or twelve mud huts, entrenched, and some of them surrounded with mud walls, as a defence against the Indians; indeed

* If a native is travelling the Pampas, and a bad horse should be given to him, when he arrives at the end of the post, he will take out his knife and cut off one of its ears without any ceremony.

all the posts in the provinces of Santa Fè and Cordova, are either protected by mud walls or entrenchments, so open and exposed are they to the attacks of these southern savages: leaving La Cruz Alta, we passed along in sight of the Rio Saladillo,* whose banks are almost perpendicular, and lined with a few trees. At sunset we arrived at Lobaton, making ninety-nine miles this day.

Sunday 29*th*. Started at eight: at four leagues distance, came to the Rio Saladillo, which, after crossing, we arrived at the post and village of the same name, consisting of ten or twelve huts entrenched. Here was stationed a guard and commandant against the incursions of the Indians, and having produced our passports, we changed horses at Barrancas, and fell in with twelve waggons of the country proceeding to Buenos Ayres. These machines are made of

* I believe this is Rio Tercero, or third river, but I cannot speak with certainty.

bamboo, the tops covered with hide; they are mounted on two immense wheels, about ten or eleven feet in diameter, which are never greased, so that when you are close to them, their squeaking and creaking is almost sufficient to stun one. They are drawn by four oxen that are a considerable distance from their work, the foremost pair being twenty feet from the wheel pair; the driver sits between the heads of the wheel pair, which are lashed by the horns to a cross piece of wood attached to the shaft: a long pole leads out from the waggon, armed with iron spikes, with which he goads any beast he pleases, and you seldom see them without the blood running down their sides; independent of this, he carries a heavy block of wood to strike them over the horns, and not unfrequently will they break a horn off the wretched animal's head.

We soon came to the village of Frayle Muerto, or Dead Friar, where the Gauchos were horse-racing, which, in general, is their Sunday's amusement. They were gaily dressed for the

occasion, in their dashing ponchos of various colours. Most of these people, wretched and dirty as they live, sport their silver spurs and stirrups; their races are very short, and they always ride without saddles.

Passing along in sight of the Rio Tercero,* we soon arrived at the post of Esquina de Medrano, situated very pleasantly on its banks, and the best we had hitherto come to. The river runs close to it, wide and deep, with very steep banks lined with trees, which, after travelling through a vast plain of one hundred and thirty leagues, with nothing to rest the eye upon, had a most cheering appearance. Here further defence against the incursions of the Indians appeared to have ceased. The next post being eight leagues, and a bad road, we put up at this one for the night, and had a good supper, and clean room to sleep in.

Monday 30*th.* Started at eight, with a relay

* This, I think, is the same river, and sometimes called Saladillo.

of horses for the carriage. The first four leagues lay through brush-wood, and a bad road; the second four leagues was dreary pampas. Got fresh horses at Arroyo de St. Joze, a very good post, which took us to Cañada de Lucas, a wretched bad one. On leaving this place, one of our horses fell into a Biscacho hole, and rolled himself and rider completely under the carriage between the two fore-wheels. Astonishing as it may appear, although at full gallop, the other peons pulled up so suddenly, that neither man nor horse were injured. At a distance of three leagues, we changed horses at a hut on the left, where we were informed that robbers had been seen in the wood which we should soon have to pass through on our road to La Punta de Agua; we therefore prepared our pistols, and soon arrived at it, but met with no obstruction. In some parts of this wood we were obliged to close the carriage-shutters for fear of being scratched inside, the bushes were so thick; about the middle of it there was a very bad swamp,

which we had a heavy drag to get through. Immediately on clearing it, the hills of the Sierra de Cordova broke upon our view, the first we had seen since leaving Buenos Ayres: as the sun set upon them, we could just perceive their tops were covered with snow. Passing a neat little chapel, "Capella del Rosaria," we arrived at the post of Punta de Agua at sunset, making only nineteen leagues.

CHAPTER IV.

Carriage Upset—Dexterity of the Peons—Cross a River—Storm on the Pampas—Indian Chief and Two Captives arrive—Pampas Music—Arrive at San Luis—Rio Desâguadero—Night Scene—First Sight of the Andes—Arrive at Mendoza—Description of the Natives of the Pampas—Travelling Companions—Ball at Mendoza—Mendoza Ladies—Alameda or Public Walk—Preparations for entering the Andes.

Tuesday, 31*st*. Started at eight, with a relay of horses for Santa Barbara, nine leagues, and bad road, I rode this stage on an excellent horse, and arrived two hours before my companions, from whom I learnt that they had been upset, and could not proceed faster than a walk, owing to the badness of the road. We took five horses

to the next post, Tegua; which was very bad, and a dreary road. From thence we skirted along to the southward, by the side of the high hills of the Sirra de Cordova. It reminded me much of being at sea, with land in sight; the inhospitable and barren plain we were driving through, could scarcely persuade me that I was on shore. While I was enjoying the joke against my companions at not being in the carriage when it upset, and they were relating to me the scramble they had to get out of it, we were passing through a large, deep swamp, and galloping up its banks, when away it went right over, completely on its beam ends. This accident truly displayed to me the excellent plan of harnessing the horses in this country; for the peons instantly cast off, and were to our assistance in a moment. Really they are clever fellows; having always their wits about them: I never saw a dull, stupid man during my journey. We soon put the carriage to rights, having suffered no damage, and proceeded slowly on, on account of the roads, or, I

must rather say, our carriage; for it was not one of the travelling vehicles of the country, the wheels not being broad enough for the deep tracks by two feet; consequently, we were one wheel in, and the other out, during the whole of these rugged places, which not only rendered it extremely unpleasant, but, at times, very dangerous. In the evening, arrived at the Corral de Barrancas, making only seventeen leagues. This is a most excellent post, having a large room for passengers, and most civil owner. Notwithstanding we had a good supper, and a room with a door to it, three of us were obliged to sleep on the mud floor, and two on the mud benches, not having the luxury of a catre, which, as I have before observed, are seldom to be met with in these wild Pampas, and I would strongly recommend travellers to carry one with them; it may be easily constructed and made very portable. Should females travel, they will find the benefit of it.

Wednesday, August 1st. Started at eight: at four leagues distance crossed the Rio Quarto,

and arrived at the post of El Tambo, situated on its banks in rather a pleasant situation, having a fine view of the hills of the Sierra, rising beyond a vast plain of sand, formed by the river's overflow. Although this post is bad for accommodation, we got most excellent horses, which took us well through a bad road to La Aguadita, four leagues, from which place it became so very bad, that we were obliged to have five horses, walking very slowly, the whole post, and, in many places, stopping to cut our road. Crossed the Arroyo de Barranquita, the opposite banks of which were so steep, that we were obliged to get out, and unload part of the carriage. It was truly beautiful to see the full gallop the peons made at the bank, and dragged the carriage up its steep sides. We now arrived at the post of the same name; the torrents from the Sierra had worn such deep ruts in the road, that we only made twelve leagues this day. Finding our progress so slow, and every prospect, if we travelled faster, of the carriage breaking down, (for one of the springs was

already broken,) and having been twice upset, my companion and I, (being very anxious to get forward,) thought it more prudent that we should leave it, and perform the rest of the journey on horseback; so we accordingly made our preparations to start early the next morning.

The post-house of Barranquita is a very large one, and has a chapel fronting the post-room door: its situation, also, is rather pleasant. Notwithstanding all this, it was the most filthy, dirty place we had met with, the owners being too rich to care any thing about accommodating passengers.

Thursday, August 2d. It blew a gale of wind, with heavy rain, which prevented our starting. I have heard of the miseries of being confined in an inn during a rainy day; I will leave those to judge who have crossed the Pampas, what it must be in one of those wretched post-houses; wet, dirty, and swarming with vermin—obliged to have the door open, admitting wind, rain, and cold, or else remain in the dark. Our luggage lay scattered about the mud and

dirty floor, answering the purpose of seats and tables. No cheerful fire to sit by, or passers by to wear off the gloom! I wandered up and down the cold damp room, wrapped up in my boat-cloak, shivering with cold, and amused myself reading the names of various travellers, that were legibly marked upon the walls. Here were sweethearts thought of—characters pourtrayed—many fears registered of the Indians being about; with these, and stuffing up the holes of my friends, the rats, that had annoyed me during the night, and now and then viewing the passing storm, I contrived to pass a most tedious day. Towards evening it cleared up, when we were visited by some friendly Indians, who brought two captives with them, a man and a boy, natives of Chili. While we were in the master of the post's room, with his family, the captives came to the door, and sang a most plaintive air, accompanied with a guitar that was lent them by our host's daughter, who also favoured us with a specimen of the Pampas music. It was a mere

tinkling monotony, but still, rather plaintive. These Indians possessed dull, inanimate countenances, with a wild, inexpressive stare: the cacique, or chief, was dressed in a very fine poncho, wearing a red band round his hat, with a tuft of red feathers and large Pampas spurs; they were all mounted on very fine horses.

Friday, 3d. The storm had passed by, and left us a piercing, cold, frosty morning, with thermometer at 30°. To my astonishment, on going outside, I found the Indians asleep in the open air, notwithstanding the hard frost, with scarcely any covering; one had nothing over his feet, and his pillow was a hatchet. They had been drinking too freely at the pulperia over night, and there they lay, just where they had dropped, like so many pigs. Poor fallen beings! I could scarcely look upon them as human. Man! man! what dost thou fall to. Our companions endeavoured to persuade the captive boy to return to Mendoza with us, offering to reward him liberally,

but all to no purpose; he appeared perfectly indifferent to his situation.

At nine, we left our Spanish companions in the carriage, and proceeded on horseback, passing through a very rocky country, at the foot of the Sierra, whose summits were covered with snow. At five leagues distance, arrived at the post of Achiras, whose situation is very romantic, being entirely surrounded by rocks. Two leagues from hence separates the provinces of Cordova and San Luis. We now began to fall in with a little traffic on the road between Mendoza and Cordova, and also met a few passengers. The next post is Porte Zuela: an extremely wild and rocky road. On leaving this post, the country assumes a more varied appearance; but the road becomes rugged and rocky.

The Morro de St. Joze, a barren mountain, now opened in the distance, with all the appearance of an island; its summits covered with snow. Having to pass round it, we crossed several

ravines, deep and rocky; the wind from the south-west blew very keen, on account of passing over the snow. At the foot were two solitary huts, peeping from amongst the rocks, and a few cattle grazing high up the mountain. On rounding the point of the Morro, the high hills of San Luis opened in the distance; and as the sun set upon them, we could perceive their summits covered with snow. On clearing the point, we arrived late at the village of the Morro de St. Joze," situated at the foot of the mountain. Its situation is bleak and dreary; the bitter south-west wind blows down piercingly cold; and the deep ravines bear evident marks of the velocity of the torrents when they come down the mountain in the rainy season. The village consists of about thirty mud huts, and has a chapel. The post is wretchedly bad and dirty, swarming with fleas; but there is a pulperia, the owner of which showed every disposition to be accommodating to travellers: from him we got all that we required, which is not

always the case; for they will generally refer passengers to the post-house.

Saturday, 4th. We were detained for horses till eleven o'clock, then started for Rio Quinto, a long stage of twelve leagues. This road is extremely bad and heavy for a carriage. The country now became more woody, and very rocky. Our cargo horses detained us very much this journey, not being able to get them, for the last six leagues, faster than a walk. We passed the remains of many a poor horse that had dropped and died on this long stage. On crossing the Rio Quinto, we arrived at the post of the same name, situated on its banks: this is another wretched, dirty post. It is worthy of remark, that after leaving the province of Santa Fè, all the post-houses are wretchedly dirty; probably not having been swept out for months: this is chiefly owing to the indolence of the women; for, the post-rooms are left to their management, the men being more engaged looking after their horses; when that is done, all their

wants appear to consist in a cigar, which, when supplied, they care for little else; but the women will do nothing but loiter away their time, smoking; and are so disgustingly dirty, that it is dangerous to go near them. From the province of Santa Fè, also, cattle becomes very scarce, owing to the poorness of the land; but numerous flocks of sheep and goats supply their place. This post being so long, thirty-six miles without a change of horses, and the road very bad, we did not arrive till four P. M.; it was then too late to proceed. The whole of the day it blew a gale from the south-west, which rendered travelling extremely unpleasant. The thermometer varied in the course of the day, in the shade, from 30° to 70°. From this post there is a fine view of the mountains of San Luis. In the evening, the carriage arrived; and, as we found we could not travel faster, on account of our cargoes, we made up our minds to take to it again.

Sunday, 5th. We started at eight o'clock in the carriage, with a relay of fourteen horses;

making in all, twenty-three horses, eight peons, and five travellers : the roads were uncommonly bad, and, owing to our wheels not having span enough to go into the deep ruts, we were obliged to travel off the main road, amongst brushwood and trees, which was very fatiguing for the horses, as, in many places, we were compelled to stop and cut a road before us for some distance, and were frequently in great danger of being upset.

When we wanted to change horses, we stopt and surrounded them, and they were lassoed by the peons with their usual dexterity. Skirting by the Sierra de San Luis, at about a league from the town, we entered a very pretty valley, formed by two high mountains, partially covered with thick brushwood, thus making a complete natural pass through the Sierra. On clearing this valley, we crossed an Arroyo, and entered the town of San Luis (the capital of the province) by a long street, having a mud wall on each side. The houses are all built of mud bricks, and laid

out in cuadras. There are only one or two decent houses in the town; these were white-washed. There is a good church and plaza; the post is wretchedly bad. We were fortunate enough to get to a very good pulperia, kept by Juan Jozé Gil, who was very attentive, and made us as comfortable as could be expected. I here had the luxury of a shave and change of linen, for the first time since leaving Buenos Ayres, which, after twelve days' filth and dirt, was no small pleasure; and, with the addition of a good supper, I managed to pass the night with some degree of comfort.

Monday, 6th. Left San Luis at ten, with a relay of twenty horses. Met a Mr. B. from Mendoza; and travelled on through brushwood and trees, at times cutting our way through till we arrived at the post of Represa, seven leagues; from whence, we took fresh horses, and after passing seven leagues over a tolerable road, saw the beautiful lake of Chorillas on the left, with the hills of San Luis rising on the opposite shore. Leaving

this, a vast plain again extends to the right as far as the eye can reach; but our road still lay through brushwood and trees; and it was late before we arrived at a pulperia, situated on the banks of the Rio Desaguadero, which separates the province of San Luis from Mendoza. Here we remained for the night, being too late to cross the river; and the novel scene fully compensated for our detention. It was a lovely moonlight night: on the opposite shore were about twenty waggons of the country drawn up, and upwards of a hundred mule-loads of wine regularly laid out in a circle, forming an encampment, waiting to cross over: on our side, were about the same number; the cattle were feeding by the sides of the waggons, and the mules straying about, picking up what they could. In the midst of these various encampments, were seven or eight fires on each side of the river; round which, were different groups of eight or ten peons, some preparing their suppers. Their long knives and dark countenances were easily distinguished as

they were hanging over the pots on the blazing fires. Others were smoking, others singing, and some bringing fire-wood. The moon sparkling on the rippling Desaguadero, with the flocks of goats and kids bleating about our abode, made it altogether a scene peculiarly novel, wild, and interesting.

Tuesday, 7th. This was a busy morning. Our peons were up betimes preparing the carriage to cross the river. Those on the opposite shore were employed getting their cargoes over on a raft, constructed of six barrels; a second one was composed of two canoes lashed together, and covered with rushes. The horses were driven into the stream, which was running rapidly down at the rate of four miles an hour: it was an interesting sight to see so many beautiful animals showing their various dispositions to cross. All but one, after some difficulty, followed the mare's bell, and arrived snorting on the opposite shore, some distance from where they started, having been swept down by the stream. They

were immediately lassoed by the peons, and prepared for starting. Our carriage was sent over on the raft of barrels, for which we paid six dollars, and by half-past nine we were moving in the province of Mendoza. On the first rise of ground we had a view of the mighty Tupungato, the highest mountain in this range of the Cordillera: its summits were towering in the clouds, a mass of snow, and all we saw of it resembled an iceberg. Changing horses at Tortugas and Corral de Quero, we arrived at the village of Corro Corto just as the sun set behind the mighty mountain, from which we must have been, at least, one hundred and thirty miles.

This village was, at one time, better tenanted, which the ruins of a few houses testify; there are a few poplars planted here, the first appearance towards cultivation or improvement displayed in any of the villages we had hitherto passed through. The post was tolerable, and we found it the station of a custom-house officer, who examined our passports.

Wednesday, 8th. Being a fine moonlight morning, we started at half-past four, and took an asado* for breakfast at Dormida del Negro, ten leagues, a bad post, but a new one was building. Changing horses again at Catetos and Chacona, each six leagues, we arrived at Retano, nine leagues; we now came into a cultivated and civilized country. This post is a good brick building, with plantations of poplars near it, the whitewashed walls and green doors gave it quite an air of cheerfulness. From the top we had a fine view of the mighty Cordillera, which now arose considerably to our view like a tremendous barrier of snow. We here turned off the main road in order to visit a relation of our travelling companions, at Villa Nueva, a village about two leagues distance. It was founded by General San Martin, and formerly bore his name; but not being so fortunate as to retain the good esteem of the natives of Mendoza, they have changed it as above. Its situation is

* Asado signifies a piece of any meat roasted.

pretty, having many fine fields, with good hedges and plantations of poplars, and well supplied with cattle and water. The road to it also is good, being hedged on both sides.

Thursday, August 9th. We left the Villa Nueva at ten, and skirted into the main road again, which became very stony, with here and there streams of water running across: it was much overflowed, in many places for the distance of a quarter of a mile, and many bad pantanos in it. Changed horses at the post of Rodeo del Medio, five leagues from Retano. As we neared Mendoza, each side of the road was lined with a mud wall, and here and there, rows of poplars. About noon crossed the Rio de Mendoza, and entered the town at an amazing rate: the peons spurring the poor horses till the blood absolutely ran from their sides. This, in the opinion of our travelling companions, (whom I shall give a description of hereafter,) was thought very fine indeed. We were shortly afterwards set down at the inn, one of the most dirty houses in the

town, thus completing our journey in sixteen days.

In the Appendix will be found a list of the post-houses on the Pampas, as regulated by government, which will show what distance the traveller has to pay for; and also where he is likely to get refreshment, which is not to be procured at all of them: therefore, if he should happen to stop for the night where nothing is to be had, he would stand a chance of going to bed rather hungry. As I have been obliged to draw certain distinctions between good, bad, tolerable, &c. my readers must not think, when I use the term *excellent*, that any thing is to be expected beyond bread, meat, spirits, &c.; it is only used to express a certainty of getting these things. Again, when I say *very good*, bread and meat may be had, and nothing further; for *good*, bread only, with a chance of getting meat; but for *bad*, and *very bad*, it will certainly be a chance if he get any thing at all.

Having now crossed the vast and dreary Pampas, I can only say, that after travelling through such a country as the Banda Oriental, it approaches almost to civilization; in fact, I found as much or more than could be expected in such a desert country. Indolence and gambling appear to be their existing propensities: the former I am not astonished at, on account of their very few wants; as long as they have beef, water, and a cigar, all are supplied. The natives of the Pampas are a remarkably fine, handsome race of men, with expressive, intelligent countenances. From necessity, being driven entirely to their own resources for a livelihood, they have acquired a very independent air; and from living almost on horseback, it approaches even to nobleness. Their good qualities are very conspicuous: treat them civilly, they will always return it in kind far beyond what may be expected. A cigar presented in due season, and with a proper degree of politeness, will effect more than all the harsh words

you can give them, for they will not brook it; and why should they? Living as free and independent as the wind, they cannot and will not acknowledge superiority in any fellow-mortal. They are fond of asking questions, but it will be done with all the air and manners of a courtier, fearing to give offence; nevertheless, they will expect to be answered with equal civility. Their ideas are all equality: the humble peon, and my lord, would be addressed equally alike by the simple Gaucho with the title of "Señor." Strange withal, they should be so dirty and indolent: the women in particular, as I have before stated, are disgustingly so. Comfort they have no idea of: as long as they can poke about in the mud and dirt, sitting almost suffocated round the fire in the middle of their filthy huts, with a cigar in their mouths, they are happy. Should they be required to do any thing for the passengers, they will get up, and shaking the vermin off their clothes, scratch themselves for a while, and set about it with all the ill will of a

surly dog obeying its master; and their manner of speaking is that disgusting, apathetic whine, so peculiar to the West Indian Creoles.

The method of preserving grain in the Pampas, is very curious; that useful animal, the ox, supplies the want of almost every thing. They sow the legs of a whole skin up, and fill it full of corn: it is then triced up to four stakes, with the legs hanging downwards, so that it has the appearance of an elephant hanging up; the top is again covered with hides, which prevents the rats getting at it. In stretching a skin to dry, wood is so scarce, in many parts of the Pampas, that the rib bones are carefully preserved to supply its place, and used as pegs to fix it in the ground. A child's cradle consists of a square sheepskin, laced to a small rude frame of wood, and suspended like a scale to a beam or nail in the rancho. The poor little parroquets, which are very numerous, and generally made prisoners when caught alive, are sown up in a box of hide with a small round hole cut in it, just large enough

to let its head out for eating, with scarcely room to turn. Its reign in these small prisons is very short, being soon suffocated from its own dirt and want of air; for cleaning them out they never dream of. I now come to my travelling companions, whom, as I have observed, were brothers, and natives of Mendoza: the youngest, a man about thirty-four, was a lieutenant-colonel in the Peruvian army; he wore ear-rings. They purchased the carriage on the strength of meeting with two Englishmen, who paid them a hundred and twenty-five silver dollars each for their seats, and for which they paid two thousand paper dollars, or shillings, which was the current rate of exchange at the time. It was ridiculous to see with what pride they surveyed this vehicle every day; and they did not, positively, know how to open or shut the door, or let down the steps. Every wretched post-house we stopped at, a description of the carriage was given, a general survey held, the door opened and shut, the glasses let up and down half-a-dozen times, very much to the amuse-

ment of the simple Gauchos, who stared with astonishment, while the gallant colonel and his brother would stand with folded arms, eulogizing its various qualities, with an air of self-importance, not to equalled by the Dey of Algiers himself; taking care, as we advanced in distance, that they advanced in the price they gave for it; for not being very particular with regard to their veracity, it increased to the amount of three thousand five hundred dollars by the time we arrived at Mendoza; independent of this, they carried with them various articles of merchandize, in a small way, such as snuff-boxes, watches, rings, fans, &c. &c. much resembling our hawking pedlars in England. A gold, musical snuff-box was a grand display, every place we stopped at; it confirmed their grandeur, by the surprise and astonishment of the natives, who had never seen such a thing in their lives: even the Indians had a laugh and roar at it, and I verily believe would have smashed it on the ground, from pure delight, could they have got it into their hands. A trumpery watch was

shewn to me as a chronometer, and some bauble paste rings as diamonds: fans smeared over with gold and silver spangles and stars, were represented as very superb, and in high request among the ladies of Mendoza, to whom we were to have the honour of being introduced, which ceremony took place soon after our arrival, a dinner and ball being given for the purpose. Frequently were we asked, very seriously, if this carriage really did belong to the M.s, such a thing never having before been seen in Mendoza; for I have observed, it was not one of the vehicles of the country, but a light, English, travelling-carriage. The day of days arrived—the carriage was flying about the town, with a couple of mules, to bring all the ladies to dinner, in order to meet the foreign gentlemen. We were all seated higgledy-piggledy at table; dish after dish came in; every one helped themselves; no carving was required, being all made dishes: The master of the house was walking round the room, with his coat off, very comfortably smoking

his cigar; and between every fresh dish, of which there were some thirty or forty, the ladies amused themselves eating olives soaked in oil; and the colonel, to prove that he understood foreign manners and customs, got the ladies, one after the other, to ask the foreign gentlemen to drink wine with them, which was no small ordeal for us to run through. After these half-hundred dishes, came the sweets; then the gentlemen's flints and steels were going, the room soon filled with smoke, and the ladies retired to dress for the ball, which went off very well, as they were really very pretty, and uncommonly well dressed. It was a painful reflection when I found several pointed out to me that could not absolutely write; such is the state of society in Mendoza, and the bigotry of some of the fathers of families, to this day, that they will not allow their daughters to learn to write, for fear of their holding correspondence—with whom shall I say? —most probably, persons who would improve

their minds, and save them from the ignorance and folly of seeking admiration from the men, which is all they appear to think about, and which is amply repaid with the most profound respect and adulation to their personal charms, but decided contempt for their understandings. At the ball, the whole town attended, the waltz and Spanish dance went on: the gentlemen were smoking and spitting about the room, and I retired to the dirty miserable inn, thinking that I should soon be performing a very different dance over the mighty Andes, now stretching close to this town, appearing a huge mass of impenetrable snow towering most solemnly aloft, as if in attempt to reach the heavens itself.

My short stay at Mendoza gave me very little time to make any observations on the place. I had the pleasure of being introduced to Dr. Gillies, whose botanical researches have been so justly appreciated in England; but was sorry to find him so indisposed as to be confined to his

bed two days out of the four that we were detained. He had engaged an arreiro, or guide of the Cordillera for us, with whom we arranged to start as soon as possible. A peon was therefore instantly dispatched to Chili to have mules in readiness by the time we arrived on the other side of the snow. The accounts we heard of the state of the Cordillera were very dreadful; many lives had already been lost, owing to its being so blocked up with snow, no courier or communication had been received from Chili for five weeks, so that we were entirely ignorant as to the state of the passes. Such a dreadful winter had not been known for very many years; indeed, we had only to look up at the tremendous mountains of snow before us, to be convinced of this fact. As we walked the Alameda, or public walk, of Mendoza, they lay stretching to our view, and caused me many an anxious glance. The situation of this Alameda is very pleasant, being at the foot of the Andes, I must not say Cor-

dillera, for that cannot be seen from Mendoza, owing to the view being obstructed by a nearer range of high mountains, of which this walk commands a noble prospect; it has also two fine rows of poplars on each side, with a stream of water running between them; but so little regard had the natives of Mendoza for the appearance of these poplars and beauty of the walk, that they were then absolutely cutting them down; without any attention to regularity, merely to build *a new roof to the theatre.*

Our time was now occupied in making preparations for entering the Andes. Leaving to the arreiro to supply us with mules and peons, we took care to lay in a plentiful supply of provisions, and had our bread baked for the purpose, so that it would keep in the event of being caught in a snow storm. On the evening of the 13th we were all ready for starting, but by the advice of Dr. Gillies, sent all our luggage off before us, to a house about two leagues from the town, where travellers generally sleep the

night previous to their entering the mountainous district. This disagreeable we avoided by arranging to start very early next morning, and overtake the luggage on the road.

CHAPTER V.

Leave Mendoza—Enter the Andes—Arrive at Villavicencia—Twelve Peons blocked up in a Snow-storm—Dead Mules—Singular appearance of them—Sufferings of the Ancient Indians—First sight of the Cordillera—Grand and awful appearance—Reflection—Arrive at Uspallata—Peon found blind in the Cordillera—First pass swept away—Description of its dangers—Guanaco caught—Magnificent natural bed-chamber in the Cordillera—Electricity found in our clothes—Difficulties commence—Fourth Pass covered with Snow—Its dangers—Lose a Mule down the Mountain—Fifth Pass covered with Snow—Extreme danger—Lose two more Mules—Second night in the Cordillera, with wild bed-chamber and Gale of Wind—Leave the Mules, and proceed on foot—A Peon rolls down a Mountain of Snow, and breaks his foot—Distress and labour of the Peons—Dead Peon in the Snow—Reflection.

August 14th. Having procured every thing we thought necessary for entering the dreary regions, we left Mendoza about eight o'clock in

the morning, and joining our luggage at the house before mentioned, started at once in the mountainous district with a train of about five-and-twenty mules, but only six peons, the rest were to join us as we went along, and some to meet us at Chili; for which purpose, as I have before mentioned, a man was dispatched from Mendoza immediately on our arrival. The first part of our road lay over a barren soil, covered with loose stones and dried bushes. We crossed many dry channels, of what at some seasons must be formidable rivers, caused by the torrents coming down from the mountains when the snow melts. After travelling about ten leagues of this road, we struck into a valley, and immediately commenced ascending; so much snow had recently fallen that we soon came to small patches laying on the surface.

As we ascended, the mountains on each side approached closer to each other, forming a very deep and narrow valley, with the dry beds of many torrents here and there intersecting our

path; night overtook us, and it was late before we arrived at the miserable hovel of Villavicencia, a distance of fifteen leagues from Mendoza. I was much fatigued with this journey, having been twelve hours on the back of the same mule, which compared with the fine spirited horses of the Pampas was a miserable contrast, and rendered the travelling much more tedious.

It was a novel and picturesque sight winding up this valley; the noise of the peons in order to keep the mules together, made it ring with their echoes, which vibrated very distinctly amongst the rocks and mountains above us.

Villavicencia is nothing more than a miserable hovel, built of mud, sticks, and stones; the roof at this time was nearly off, and the gusts of cold wind came rushing down the mountain into the frail habitation, scattering the dust and dirt upon us as we lay shivering in bed, which prevented all possibility of our getting any sleep. We now began to feel the rapid change of temperature; morning and evening

freezing, but the middle of the day almost oppressively warm. Here one of our peons informed us, that "only a few days ago, himself with eleven others were blocked up in a casucha twelve days, during a snow storm; that their provisions failed them, and they had nothing to eat but the carcase of a mule which they had picked up in the snow: had it not been for this providential discovery, they must have perished; one of his companions died, and it was probable we might see his body in the snow." This was the last and latest account we had heard of any one having so recently been in the Cordillera.

August 15*th.* Rose at daylight, and sent the cargo-mules on before; two having strayed high up in the mountains, the peons had some trouble and difficulty in clambering after them, which detained us till seven o'clock, when we followed after and commenced ascending very fast. After passing several patches of snow, laying in some places two or three feet deep, and leaving a miserable hut on our left, we came to a very steep ascent,

where the snow lay hard and frozen in our path, which was a complete zigzag all the way up, the mules slipped, stumbled, and struggled, and it required much labour, noise, and encouragement from the peons, to get them to the top, where it blew a perfect hurricane; but the scene beneath us was grand and magnificent in the extreme, and fully compensated for all our labour. The vast and dreary Pampas lay stretching before us like a sea as far as the eye could reach, without a solitary house or tree to obstruct the view.

We were now at the top of the first range of mountains that are seen from Mendoza, and the snow in many places of our path began to lay very thick, hard, and slippery; passing through one large drift, two of the cargo-mules stumbled and fell; the peons were obliged to dismount to unload them and assist them up. Being myself on a very bad one, I was obliged, much against my inclination, to spur the poor animal till the blood literally dropped from its sides, or I

should never have been able to have got him through it; (it must be observed, had I dismounted, the animal would have stood still.) Many carcases of these poor drudging animals strewed our path, just where they had died on the journey; and it was surprising to see in what a state of preservation they appeared; the rarified atmosphere, I suppose, having that effect upon them. Some seemed as if they had only died the previous day. On examining them, the skin was, as it were, baked, but adhered to the bones, leaving a mere skeleton covered with skin, so that I could with ease lift up any one of them in my arms, being so very light. This appearance of dead bodies is likewise applicable to many parts of the Pampas, and also Peru. Wafer, an English surgeon, says, he and some others landed at Vermejo in Peru, in 1687, and marched about four miles up a sandy bay—"all which," he says, "we found covered with the bodies of men, women, and children, which lay so thick that a man might, if he would, have walked half

a mile and never trod a step off a dead human body. These bodies, to appearance, seemed as if they had not been above a week dead, but if you handled them they proved as dry and light as a sponge, or a piece of cork. After we had been some time ashore, we espied a smoke, and making up to it, found an old man, a Spanish Indian, who was ranging along the sea-side to find some sea-weeds to dress some fish which his companions had caught, for he belonged to a fishing-boat hard by. We asked him many questions in Spanish, about the place, and how those dead bodies came there. To which he returned for answer, that in his father's time, the soil there, which now yielded nothing, was green, well cultivated, and fruitful; that the city of Wormia had been well inhabited by Indians, and that they were so numerous that they could have handed a fish from hand to hand twenty leagues from the sea until it had come to the Inca's hands; and that the reason of those dead bodies was, that when the Spaniards came

and blocked up and laid siege to the city, the Indians, rather than lie at the Spaniard's mercy, dug holes in the sand and buried themselves alive. The men as they now lie, have with them their broken bows, and the women their spinning wheels and distaffs, with cotton yarn upon them."*

Frezier, a French voyager, who was also in Peru in 1712, confirms the same account. He says, "The vale of Hilo, in which there are not at present above three or four farms, formerly maintained an Indian town, the remains of which are still to be seen two leagues from the sea;—a dismal effect of the ravages the Spaniards have made among the Indians.

"There are still more moving marks of the misfortunes of that poor nation near Arica, above the church of Hilo, and all along the shore as far as the point of Coles, being an infinite number of tombs, that when they dig at this

* Voyage and Description of the Isthmus of America, page 166.

very time they find bodies almost entire, with their clothes, and very often gold and silver vessels. Those I have seen are dug in the sand the depth of a man, and inclosed with a wall of dry stone: they are covered with wattles and canes, on which there is a bed or layer of earth and sand laid over, that the place where they were might not be observed.

"They were so terrified that they thought they must all die, when they were informed that the Spaniards had not spared even their beloved Atuhalpa, who among them was looked upon as the offspring of the sun, which they worshipped.

"Therefore, to escape out of their hands, they fled as far as as they could westward, to implore the mercy of the sun; but being stopped by the sea, they buried themselves alive on the edge of it."*

Poor persecuted Indians! thus are your sufferings made known to us, and thus has the arid

* Relation du Voyage de la Mer du sud, page 160.

soil of your country been the means of establishing to generations the barbarity of the Spaniards!

We shortly began to descend a little, and soon opened the valley of Uspallata, where the mighty Cordillera broke upon our view in all its awful magnificence, covered with snow down to its very base. This was the first full view we had of it, for while on the eastern side of the mountains we had just crossed, the summits only were visible; but now, the whole mass broke upon our sight like a world of snow. I was struck with amazement; most wistfully did I throw my head back to gaze at its mighty summits, towering amidst the clouds, and thought it almost presumption to attempt such an undertaking as crossing them. Oh, man! if ever thou hast the vanity to think thyself more than what thou really art, a mere worm upon earth, or that thou art superior to any other of thy fellow-worms, crawling here below—go, in the depth of winter, and view the mighty, tremendous Cor-

dillera! This was an anxious glance for me, fraught with deep reflection; the various reports we had heard of the danger, the lives that had already been lost, the uncertainty of being unable to proceed, and the total want of correct accounts of the state of what now appeared so awfully before us, rendered our situation altogether extremely precarious and doubtful. While in this frame of mind, trusting to the divine protection to save us through all, we suddenly met a courier from Chili, which was a great relief to us. He had at last ventured, and had been fifteen days crossing, six of which he had travelled on foot in the snow. He gave us cheering prospects, informing us that the snow was hard, and that he thought the weather settled.

We now travelled along the plain, which was covered with brushwood, when in crossing a deep stream, one of the cargo-mules fell back into it, and it was astonishing to see how soon the peons were in the water, to relieve the animal of its load, and assist him out. Shortly

after, arrived at Uspallata, completely tired, having travelled fifteen leagues on the same poor mule I rode yesterday.

This is the last abode of man on the eastern side of the Cordillera; and here we found a poor peon, just recovering his eyesight, that had fifteen days ago been picked up in a casucha, where he had remained many days blind, without any thing to eat, having been deserted by his companions. We found that we should be detained here one day, as our arreiro had deceived us in not bringing charcoal from Mendoza, according to his agreement; so the following day was employed in preparing this necessary article, making our snow-boots,* covering our stirrups with wool, to prevent our toes from being frost-bitten, pounding chaqui, &c. all indispensably necessary before entering the frozen

* The snow-boots are nothing more than part of a sheep's skin, wrapped over the ordinary boots or shoes, which keep the feet remarkably warm. Under this again is a piece of hide, to prevent the skin chafing, with the hair outwards, which gives a firm hold while walking on the snow.

regions. There were two custom-house officers stationed here, who informed us, that only eight days ago, the plain was covered with snow, in some places two feet deep; but the sun having amazing power, it was soon melted again. This plain is celebrated for some mines, worked here a few years ago: it forms a complete separation from the Cordillera, and the mountains we had hitherto been travelling over; forming, as it were, the last resting-place to the traveller, previous to his entering the dreary regions. It extends N. and S. about eight leagues; and E. and W. three or four leagues; but in some parts not so broad.

Friday, 17*th*. Beautiful frosty morning: left Uspallata at seven, and struck at once across the plain over a few undulating hills, direct for the frozen regions; therm. 3° below the freezing point. At about two leagues distance, came to a very steep descent, by the side of a rapid torrent, rushing down from the mountains above, and discharging itself into the Rio de Mendoza,

whose bed we now descended into, and whose opposite banks formed a perpendicular wall, in some places one hundred and fifty feet high, with the lofty mountains towering above, to the enormous height of upwards of fifteen hundred feet, their summits covered with snow. We were now in the valley formed by these tremendous mountains, with their mighty heads enveloped in clouds, skirting along by the side of the Mendoza, that was leaping and dashing over huge blocks of stone, and roaring like the sea breaking on the shore in a gale of wind. We soon commenced ascending very rapidly, and saw a herd of guanacos in the mountains over our heads; a height of at least six or seven hundred feet, appearing like so many rabbits. The dogs that our peons had with them attempted to get at them, but to no purpose; they could not ascend the perpendicular heights which these animals stood upon. We soon came to the first pass, Ladera de la Cortidera; it was indeed terrific in appearance, and truly dangerous. Be-

fore we arrived at it, our arriero, with two peons went on before. I was pretty well in advance of the rest; but, on turning a point, all at once I lost the path. I looked before and behind, above and below, but no arriero or peons could I see, till at last I heard him hallooing for me to keep back, and then I saw them, like crows, literally stuck in the side of the mountain; the arriero, with an iron crow-bar, clearing a footing before him, and the stones rolling from beneath his feet three or four hundred feet, splashing in the torrent below. No wonder I missed them; for, for the space of a hundred yards, there was not the slightest vestige of a path left, a recent fall having taken place from above, had swept it all down into the abyss below.

In order to give the reader an idea of what these passes are, it may be necessary to explain how they are situated; and a description of one with very little variation will serve for all, excepting the latter ones, where we lost our mules, and had snow to pass over instead of earth,

which rendered them much more difficult and dangerous.

Our road lay by the side of the Rio de Mendoza; following it up the valley, which was formed as I have before mentioned by immense mountains on each side, reaching to the enormous height of fifteen hundred and two thousand feet. Now, in many places they ran so steeply down into the river, as to leave no pass below; hence it was cut in the sides of the mountain itself, at the different heights of two, three, and four hundred feet from the torrent beneath; but from the continual falling of large masses of rock and loose stones from the immense heights above, they generally formed a bay, which may in some measure account for my so suddenly losing sight of the guide and peons; and these are called the laderas, or cuts in the mountains, so much spoken of, and I may say so much exaggerated by almost all travellers. Here was a general halt; and the peons set to work making a new path, which on account of the substance being composed of loose

stones and earth, did not take up so much time as I expected, although above head were huge masses of granite, from which small fragments were tumbling down, occasioned by the wind acting on the parts where the recent fall had taken place. On the pass being made venturable, if I may use the term, we commenced crossing. To look up or down was certainly dangerous, and enough to make the strongest head giddy: our eyes were fixed on our feet, which at every step sent the loose stones jumping, and splashing into the torrent beneath; had our feet once slipped, nothing in this world could have saved us from being dashed to atoms among the rocks, in the foaming torrent below. No passengers having passed since the fall, all the difficulty and danger lay with us, (and, at this season of the year, others were to be hourly apprehended,) but, in the regular tract, I do not think the slightest danger is to be apprehended. Our mules were obliged to be unloaded, and the luggage carried over on the peons' shoulders. It

was truly astonishing to see them resting literally against the side of the mountain, and thus crawling along. It occupied us some time in getting the mules over; but all passed without any accident, and we loaded again, and proceeded on. On the opposite side of the stream, was a most astonishing mountain of granite, not to be equalled, I should imagine, in the world. I pointed it out to my companion, who had never before remarked it, but was equally astonished with myself. It consisted of one solid mass, of at least fourteen or fifteen hundred feet high, and very nearly perpendicular; having all the appearance of a tremendous dark wall, without one single vein of strata running through it. We soon came to the second pass, or Ladera de la Jaula, which was tolerable, and we passed it easily enough with the mules loaded; in fact, where there is any footing, as I have before observed, I do not think any danger is to be apprehended, excepting from timidity; for, even should stones fall from above, by having presence

of mind, they may be avoided, having such an immense height to tumble.

A poor solitary guanaco was now seen at a great height above us. The peons and dogs clambered after it with astonishing rapidity, and surrounded the poor animal, which in attempting to escape, by leaping from one rock to another, fell and broke its leg; the peons instantly dragged it down the mountain, head over heels, a height of about five hundred feet, and without bleeding or killing it, absolutely skinned it alive. We now came to the Jaula or Cage, from which the pass takes its name, where we took up our quarters for the night, under the lee of a solid mass of granite, upwards of thirty feet square, with the clear beautiful heavens for our canopy. Well may this place be called a cage: to give a just idea of it would be next to impossible, for I do not think a more wild or grander scene in nature could possibly exist: nevertheless, I shall attempt a description. The foaming river branching off into different channels, formed

by huge masses of granite laying in its course, ran between two gigantic mountains of about one thousand five hundred feet high, and not more than two hundred yards distant from each other; so that to look up at the summits of either, we had to lay our heads completely back on our shoulders. Before us, these tremendous mountains met in a point, round which we had just passed, but now appeared as one mountain, closing our view in a distance of not more than four or five hundred yards; behind was the mighty Cordillera, a mass of snow, appearing to block up further progress. Thus were we completely shut up in a den of mighty mountains, to look up either way, before, behind, right or left, excited astonishment—awe and admiration; huge masses of granite that had fallen from the awful heights above, lay scattered about, and formed our various shelters for the night. The torrent which now had become very formidable, rushed down with fury, bounding and leaping over the

rugged rocks which lay in its course, keeping up a continued foam and roar, close to our wild resting-place. The mules were straying about picking up the scanty shrubs, and our wild, uncouth-looking peons were assembled round a fire, under the lee of a large rock, cooking their unfortunate guanaco, which altogether rendered it a scene most truly wild and surprising. Here I was much astonished, on touching any part of my woollen clothing, to find electric sparks fly out wherever I put my hand: what was the cause of this I am not philosopher enough to know, but my companion informed me, it was by no means extraordinary in dry weather. However, never having heard or seen it before, I take this opportunity of mentioning it; for I must own it rather surprised me, on going to bed, to find fire fly out of my clothes.

Saturday, 18*th* was a lovely morning, with a beautiful cerulean sky. By break of day we started from our wild beds, and in vain did I

look, in order to ascertain which way we were to get out of our mountain cage; the snow lay right before us, but we wound round the foot of a mountain, and began ascending very fast, our path here and there obstructed by heavy falls of snow running down the sides of the mountain into the torrent. In many places it was very slippery and dangerous, so that we were obliged to dismount, leading the mules over with great difficulty and caution; my companion fell with his mule, and had it been out of a hole, nothing could have saved him from being precipitated in the torrent. At about a league's distance, came to the third pass, Ladera de la Pulvidera, which was tolerable, and the mules passed with their loads, there being no snow upon it. I must observe, that the general track of the passes was about three feet wide, excepting here and there, where it is always subject to be more or less broken. Our ascent now became very rapid into the snowy region, passing over many deep falls. When at seven leagues from

where we started, we arrived at the fourth pass Ladera de las Vacas: this was dreadful, and plainly could we see that our difficulties and troubles were now only commencing, as at the first, no vestige of a track was left, the mountain ran smooth for about one thousand two hundred feet, right down into the river, and half of it was covered with snow. We were detained a considerable time making our road; the mules were again unloaded, and we proceeded over till we came to the snow, where our work of distress began, we literally crawled over on our hands and knees, frequently slipping a few feet, but supporting ourselves with our sticks. The mules came next, all unloaded but one, with a few light articles; some of the peons took their stations at different distances down the mountain of snow, with lassoes in their hands, fully expecting what was to follow: while the others drove them on, when by dint of shouting, hallooing, and beating, they got them to move. The poor animals began stumbling, falling and slipping,

but not losing their balance, slipping on their haunches, at times thirty or forty feet down the mountain; all this time the peons were shouting, roaring, and whirling their lassoes; at last one mule lost its balance, and over he went, rolling and bounding head over heels, two hundred feet down the mountain into the torrent beneath, where he was whirled and dashed against the rocks by the velocity of the current, and much to my astonishment reached the opposite side of the river apparently not much injured by its fall, but its services lost to us; presently the one with half our provisions lost its hold, over and over he went, all the lassoes flew at him, when after bounding all down the mountain, they brought him up just as he reached the torrent, thus saving the poor animal and our provisions, but we lost all our wine, some bread and beef, and a pot for boiling. This day's work was not yet over: as we advanced, the snow increased, and we arrived at the fifth pass, Juan de Pobre; which, if possible, was worse than all, for it was

divided into two separate ones by the mass of snow which covered it, and which in many places was hard and slippery: to have taken our eyes off our footing when once on it would have been certain destruction. The same ceremony of unloading was again performed, and every man took his station. I beg to observe, that the peons first went over with their sticks, breaking the snow, thus making the footing more secure for ourselves and mules. Every man took his station, and we crawled over as usual, on our hands and knees: the mules then followed, and the most distressing work began; they got frightened, stumbled, and slipped, and cut themselves with the hard snow, to that degree in their efforts to plunge through it, that the whole track was covered with blood. Several lost their balance, and went flying down the precipice, till they were brought up with astonishing dexterity by the lassoes. One poor animal came rolling down, head over heels; neither his struggles nor the lassoes could save him; he bounded

like a ball into the torrent, where he rolled round and round, in vain struggling to stem its velocity, being dashed against rocks and stones, till he was swept round a point, and I lost all sight of him. Another soon followed, but was more fortunate than its companion, for he succeeded in gaining the opposite shore, where, very much to my astonishment, instead of seeing him laying with every bone in its body broken, he got up upon its legs, and began browsing among the rocks: thus we lost the services of three. My companion, who had crossed the Cordillera three times before, once in winter, had never seen a mule lose its footing, so as to roll down the mountains.

We now proceeded on, and crossed the Rio de las Vacas, which joins the Mendoza, and terminates the range of mountains we had been travelling along since leaving Uspallata. Shortly after this we came to a steep ascent, and arrived at the Punta de las Vacas; where, on account of the snow increasing on us so much, our mules

could take us no further; indeed, had this not been the case, half of them would have been of no further service; for the labour they had gone through for four successive days, with scarcely any thing to eat, had knocked them up. Mine was entirely done for, and could scarcely get one leg before the other for the last two miles, which I was obliged to walk, so we determined upon leaving them and proceeding on foot. The situation, we were now from necessity driven to for the night, was wild and dreary in the extreme, in a valley surrounded by snowy mountains, with part of the gigantic Cordillera in our rear; like a huge island of snow, its summits obscured in the clouds. The wind had increased, and the clouds began to hang heavily over the enormous mountains around us, small passing showers of snow came on, and it soon blew a gale of wind, which cracked and roared among the cavities and rents in the high rocks above us, resembling close thunder, threatening to sweep us, beds, luggage, and every thing before it. All the lug-

gage and provisions was now arranged to be carried by the peons, and it was curious to see with what exactness they adjusted them as to weight, and the good natured jokes they passed with each other on their having to become mules themselves in the morning. It was really a pleasure, under such trying circumstances, to see how well they agreed with each other, and how contentedly they submitted to the drudgery allotted to them. I question whether as many of my own countrymen, moving in the same sphere of life as these humble peons, would have travelled so far, undergoing the same difficulties and privations, without having a few disagreeables amongst them. The arriero issued out two days provisions, consisting of two small pieces of chaqui or dried beef, (more resembling tough leather than animal food,) and two small loaves of bread; this was all their allowance. Every thing now being prepared, we lay down to rest, but could not sleep, for it blew a heavy gale, with a bitter cold wind. I expected every mo-

ment to have my bed blown from under me, and the wind all night cracked so horribly above us, that we were not sorry when daylight came, so that we might be moving from our miserable abode.

Sunday, 19*th*, was a very cold morning, thermometer at the freezing point, and blowing a gale of wind. The wild regions of snow were close to us. We laced on our snow-shoes, each man took his load, and we struck at once where nothing, save human beings, could venture. We soon came to a desperate descent in the side of a mountain, all snow and hard frozen. Now the labour of man commenced. It was with great difficulty the poor peons, being loaded, could keep their footing; several slipped down many feet, and were all but going into the torrent. One fell and rolled down a great way, but fortunately, with the assistance of his stick, saved himself from rolling into the torrent, but not until his ancle was dislocated to that degree that he could not rise to walk again; thus, at first

starting, losing his services, and encumbering us with a load more than we had a man to carry. The poor fellow was, from necessity, compelled to crawl his way back to the mules again, for we could do nothing to assist him. From hence nothing but snow was to be seen, and it was truly painful to witness the labour and continued falling of the poor peons; at every step sinking up to their knees. As they stopt to take breath their cries were most distressing, being a long drawn hey! uttered as if in the most dreadful agony, at the same time leaning on their sticks for support, which would frequently penetrate so deeply into the snow as to throw them flat on their faces, which the weight of their loads would bury in the snow, and cause them a great struggle to get out again. About four p. m. it came on a heavy mist of snow, and I arrived at the spot where lay the body of the poor peon that had perished but a few days ago. It was pointed out to me by the man that was with him when he

died, who gazed at it a moment, then looking at me in the face, shook his head with much apparent feeling, lifted up his shoulders, and sighed: "Pobre compañero," poor companion; then, as if stifling a sigh to his memory, lifted up his load, and hastened forward. Here was reflection for me. I cast my eyes first at the blanched corpse, now covered with snow, then at his companion, then on the dreary regions around me, when, finding a tear of sympathy involuntarily starting to my eyes, I pushed forward, wishing almost to forget I had ever seen it.

After five leagues of labour through the snow, we arrived at the Casucha de Pujios, without once treading on a spot of earth. This was the miserable place our peon spoke of, and where lay the bones of the mule they had subsisted upon for twelve days. The snow now began to fall so thick that it was truly dismal to look at. The miserable casucha was nearly buried, having a perfect wall around it near six feet high.

We began to feel for the poor peons that were caught in it; it being nearly six o'clock before the last two arrived, having volunteered to carry the three loads between them, by being paid as three men.

CHAPTER VI.

Lose all sight of the Track—Incas Bridge choked up with Snow—One of our Peons found nearly dead in the Snow—Severity of the cold—Effects of cold—Interesting Extracts of the Sufferings of the French Army in Russia—Advice to Travellers—Snow-storm comes on—Peons lose their Courage—Desert our Luggage, and make a precipitate retreat to the Casucha—Blocked up till the next day—Description of a Snow-storm—Excessive cold, Thermometer fifteen degrees below freezing point.

Monday, 20*th*.—Waked the peons up at daylight, who arose as cheerfully as if they had been going out on a party of pleasure. It proved a very fine morning, but bitter cold, thermometer standing twelve degrees below the freezing point.

On account of the fall of snow during the night, all appearance of the track was gone; in many places we were obliged to probe our way

for some distance, feeling whether it was hard or soft, in order to avoid many deep holes that were covered on the surface. About a mile from the casucha came to the Puente del Inca, or Inca's Bridge, so much celebrated for its hot springs, and being a curious natural production; but the stream was now covered with snow, and I could but just see the hot springs bubbling up. The bridge underneath was choked with snow and a mass of icicles, so that I could not venture down to survey it, which I very much regretted, intending to have taken a bottle of the water, which I believe has never yet been analyzed in England. As the day advanced, the wind increased, and on account of the high rarified atmosphere, it was bitter, piercingly cold, sufficient (to make use of a vulgar phrase) to cut a man's nose off. The powerful reflection of the sun's rays upon the glittering snow, caused great pain and watering of the eyes. On coming to a very steep ascent, at an angle of about 45°, the snow being so hard

and slippery, it was dangerous to venture up; therefore, our peons set to work, and in little more than an hour, we had a flight of steps cut in the snow in angular directions the whole way up the mountain. One of the peons, in coming down again, slipped his footing and rolled over and over completely to the bottom: fortunately for him he had not his load on his back, and he fell clear of some rocks which here and there just peeped above the snow. I found the high wind very distressing to my eyes, and the only relief I could find was by looking up, as opportunity offered, at the beautiful clear blue sky above, which, of course, caused me many tumbles in the snow.

At 3 P.M. we arrived at the casucha Paramillo, five leagues from Pujios. Our loaded peons did not all arrive till about six, and as the last two were coming in, they picked up one of our young lads laying in the snow just going off to sleep. Fatigue and drowsiness came over him, and he lay down: had he remained a quarter of an hour

longer, he would have been a corpse, for the thermometer was then standing at 13° below the freezing point; and this is the way in which numbers of these poor fellows perish in the Andes during the snow storms. When they are tired, their courage very soon fails them, and they will lay down till they get chilled; a kind of stupor and drowsiness then follows, which is the sure forerunner of death in these frozen regions. Precisely in the same manner did the poor fellow perish, whose body we passed yesterday; and so would this young man, had not the two men been carrying three loads between them: thus proving to us the inscrutable wisdom of Providence; for had not one man dislocated his ancle, the other would have lost his life; and so easily does the king of terrors come over them, that many have been found in the snow in a sleeping attitude, with the head reclining on the arm, just as they had died.

We have many instances on record, of death from cold, being preceded by drowsiness, which

it would be almost useless my attempting to bring forward; but being so particularly struck with Dr. Cooper's remarks "On the Effects of Cold," I cannot resist making a few extracts, which may not only prove interesting to most readers, but of vast importance to any one entering into the frozen regions, or unfortunate enough, at any time, to become frost-bitten. He says—"The first effect of certain degrees of cold applied to the human body, is to retard and weaken the circulation through the small cutaneous vessels, more especially those which are situated in the extreme parts, like the hands and feet, or in projecting parts, as the ears, nose, scrotum, &c. which expose a larger surface to the atmosphere or medium, by which their caloric is extracted; hence the skin becomes pale, and contracting round the miliary glands and roots of the hair, exhibits a roughness, which is compared to the skin of an unfeathered goose, and is technically named the cutis anserina. By severe degrees of cold, the

size of extreme parts is said to be so considerably lessened, that rings, which are tight when the body is warm, drop off the fingers, and even shoes fall off the feet. The action of the heart and arteries in general becomes weakened; and the blood being partially delayed in its course through some of the cutaneous vessels, and not undergoing the change of colour, which a circulation through the lungs produces, it gives a bluish or livid colour to the fingers, ears, and other projecting parts.

If the cold be intense, or the exposure long continued, the circulation in the extreme parts becomes altogether interrupted, and the power of evolving heat being completely destroyed, mortification is the consequence.

Parts killed in this manner are said to be frost-nipped or frost-bitten, a subject which I shall presently consider more in detail. From the languor and weakness of the arterial system, produced by the application of cold, other effects on the constitution necessarily accrue.

"A free circulation of well oxygenated blood seems essential to the perfect execution of the functions of the brain, and nervous system, and to the support of sensibility. If the circulation is suspended for a few moments, as in syncope, the sensibility is also suspended; and on the other hand, when there is more than an ordinary supply of blood to any part, as in inflammation, the sensibility is highly augmented. Hence another immediate effect of the agency of cold on the human body, is a diminution of the sensibility of parts.

"This is universally felt in the numbness of the hands and fingers, which, under the impression of cold, are altogether incapable of accurate discrimination of touch; and the whole of the surface of the skin partakes of the imperfect feeling. The tongue is also incapable of distinguishing the peculiar flavour of sapid bodies, if they be extremely cold; and the sense of smell is considerably enfeebled by cold.

"If the cold be intense, or its application

long continued, the powers of the whole nervous system yield; a torpor of the animal functions ensues; the actions of the muscles become feeble, and scarcely obedient to the will; an unconquerable languor and indisposition to motion succeed; and drowsiness comes on, ending in sleep, from which the person, unless speedily roused, frequently awakes no more.* The strong propensity to sleep, following the anxiety and lassitude experienced at an earlier period, is noticed by most writers as a precursor of imminent danger; and it is certainly a symptom of usual occurrence.

"Baron Larrey, in describing the manner in which many of the French soldiers perished from the severity of the cold in Russia, remarks, that their death was preceded by a paleness of the countenance, by a sort of idiotism, difficulty of

* See Rees's Cyclopædia, art. Cold; and a description of the effects of cold at Terra del Fuego, on the persons who landed there with Dr. Solander and Sir J. Banks, as detailed in Captain Cook's first voyage.

speech, weakness of sight, and even a total loss of these faculties! In this state some of the men continued to march, for a greater or lesser time, led by their comrades. The action of the muscles gradually grew weaker; the men reeled about as if they were drunk; and their debility increased until they fell down; a certain sign of the total extinction of life.

The incessant and rapid march of the troops in close masses, obliged those who could not bear it, to quit the centre to walk along the side of the road. Separated from this compact column, and left to themselves, they soon lost their equilibrium, and fell into the ditches of snow, from which it was hardly possible for them to get out. Here they were immediately siezed with a painful numbness, followed by lethargic drowsiness, and in a few minutes their miserable existence terminated."

Treatment of Persons in a State of Torpor, or Suspended Animation from Cold.—"The ample experience of Larrey," (continues the

doctor), who was an eye-witness of all the disasters of Napoleon's campaign in Russia, appears also to confirm the truth of the principle inculcated by Hunter, Richter, Callisen, &c. In describing the sufferings of the French army from the rigour of the climate, Larrey exclaims, "Woe to the man benumbed with cold, whose animal functions were nearly exhausted, and especially whose external sensibility was destroyed, if he entered too suddenly into a warm room, or came too near the fire of a bivouac! The prominent parts benumbed or frozen, at a distance from the centre of the circulation, were seized with gangrene, which made its appearance at the very instant, and spread with such rapidity, that its advances were perceptible by the eye, or the individual was suddenly suffocated with a kind of turgescence, which appeared to affect the brain and lungs; he perished, as in asphyxia. Thus died the chief apothecary of the guards. He had arrived at Kowno, without any accident, but his strength was much reduced,

by cold and abstinence. An asylum was offered him in a warm apartment of the pharmacy of the hospital. He had scarcely been a few hours in this atmosphere, so new to him, when his limbs, in which he had lost all feeling, became considerably swelled, and he expired soon afterwards in the arms of his son, and one of his colleagues, incapable of uttering a single word. We saw some individuals fall down stiff dead in the fires of the bivouacs, &c.'

"In describing the treatment of a person in a state of torpor, or suspended animation from cold, Callisen and Richter rigorously adhere to the principle, that caloric should be very gradually communicated to the body. The former recommends long continued frictions with snow, or cloths wet with very cold water. This is to be done in a very cold room; and he advises the surgeon not to let his endeavours cease too soon, as patients, after lying without signs of life for several days, have yet been snatched from the jaws of death.

"On the return of sense, motion, and warmth, aromatic spirituous applications may be externally used; the temperature in which the body is placed may be raised, and cordials at the same time administered. Richter advises us, even to cover the body with snow, or lay it in ice cold water, in such a manner, that the mouth and nostrils be not obstructed, care being taken not to break any frozen part. Signs of vitality are then to be awaited; when these appear, strong volatiles and sternutatories are to be applied to the nostrils, and air is to be blown into the lungs. The fauces are to be tickled with a feather. He also recommends the introduction of tobacco fumes up the rectum; a practice, however, the propriety of which is questionable, in all cases of suspended animation, on account of the well-known noxious, debilitating, and even deleterious effects of that plant.

"It might be better, perhaps, to throw warm wine into the large intestines, or inject it by means of a hollow bougie down the æsophagus.

When the signs of returning animation increase, Richter directs us to remove the body from the water, rub it with diluted brandy, and convey it into a warmer situation. A diaphoretic drink is then to be given, and as soon as the patient has been well dried, he is to be put to bed, and remain there till he begins to sweat.

"Probably, these eminent surgeons may have extended the principle too far, in directing the body to be at first covered or rubbed with snow. But, I think we have every reason to believe, that their method of allowing the heat to be communicated only by degrees, is most likely to be conducive to recovery. We should also recollect, that Callisen and Richter lived in cold northern countries, where correct information respecting this particular subject might be more easily attained than in Great Britain. The residence of the former at Stockholm, the capital of a very cold country, and his acknowledged talents and impartiality, seem to confer peculiar importance upon the few remarks which he has

offered, on the topic now engaging our attention."

"*Observations on the treatment of parts which are frozen.*—Whatever doubts may have been suggested concerning the propriety of keeping patients out of a warm temperature, who are in a state of torpor and insensibility from cold, none exist with respect to the prudence of extending this principle to the treatment of very cold, or actually frozen parts of the human body.

"If a limb, that is not indeed frozen, but excessively cold, be suddenly warmed, chilblains, frost-bite, and other more extensive forms of inflammation are the result. The part swells, turns livid, and becomes affected with insupportable darting pain. And when a part actually frozen is thus quickly warmed, the same symptoms arise, but in an aggravated degree, and rapidly end in mortification.

"In this chapter, I have already cited some facts, strongly illustrative of the danger of exposing very cold or frozen parts to the fire; but

perhaps, on no occasion has the thing been more forcibly proved, than in the campaign of the French army, about the period of the battle of Eylau. During the three or four severely cold days previous to this action, the mercury had fallen to 10, 11, 12, 13, 14 and 15 degrees below the zero of Reaumer's thermometer; and yet, until the second day after the battle, not a soldier complained of any accident from the effect of the cold. 'We had, however, (says Larrey,) passed these days, and a great part of the nights of the 5*th*, 6*th*, 7*th*, 8*th*, and 9*th* of *February*, in the snow, exposed to the most inclement frost.'

"In the night, however, between the 9*th* and 10*th*, the temperature suddenly rose to 3, 4, and 5 degrees above zero, accompanied with sleet. A thaw then commenced, and from this moment, numerous soldiers began to complain of acute pain in their feet, numbness, sense of heaviness, and annoying pricking pains in their limbs. The parts were but little swelled, and

of a dark red colour. In some individuals, a slight redness was observed at the base of the toes, and upon the instep; while in others, the toes had lost all power of motion, all sensation and warmth, and become black and dried. These patients, without exception, declared, that they had felt no uneasiness while the severe cold lasted; and that their complaints first began at the commencement of the thaw."

From these facts Larrey argues, that cold is not an exciting, but only a predisposing cause of inflammation and gangrene; a truth which Richter appears to have been well aware of, when he observes, that cold alone, even the most intense, will never produce chilblains.

In order to thaw a frozen part gradually, it is best to rub it with snow, until sensibility and motion return.

"If the ear, or tip of the nose, be the part concerned, care must be taken to avoid breaking it. When snow is not at hand, ice cold water should be used instead of it.

"As soon as marks of sense and motion are discerned, the frictions may be made with brandy, or camphorated spirit of wine. It is then generally considered advantageous to let the patient have some gently diaphoretic drink, such as a little mulled wine, a basin of tea, &c. and he may now be put to bed in a chamber where there is a fire.

"In this situation he is to remain until he begins to perspire, when a perfect recovery of whatever sensibility may have been lost, generally succeeds.

"Where a part is almost in the state of gangrene, in consequence of sudden exposure to sudden heat, sometimes its recovery may still be accomplished by immersing it in water of a temperature nearly as low as the freezing point. The part must be kept immersed until the swelling, pain, and marks of discolouration begin to diminish, when frictions with brandy, &c. may commence, and the warmth be gradually increased.

"This plan occasionally succeeds in almost hopeless circumstances."*

So far have I quoted Dr. Cooper's valuable remarks on the "Effects of Cold," &c.; and have witnessed the practice he recommends, as being effectual; for during my servitude in the navy, I belonged to his Majesty's ship Majestic, while cruizing off the coast of North America, in the memorable and severe winter of 1814, where we had many cases of seamen being frost-bitten in the hands: immersing them in cold water was resorted to, and generally attended with success.

The peons in the Cordillera adopted a different custom, which I have never before seen practised, that is, by merely applying the hand (which may be supposed to be pretty cold in those regions) to the part affected, and there keeping it without friction, till the circulation returns. This simple plan, I am inclined to think a very good one, as the caloric from the hand is evolved into the affected part very gradually, till

* Cooper on the Effects of Cold.

they both become of the same temperature. Before the traveller enters into the high mountainous districts, where the cold winds are so piercing and injurious to the constitution, it would be well for him to wear a complete suit of flannel next the skin, covering the arms even down to the wrists, and the legs to the ancles; some medical men recommended soft leather to be worn under the flannel, but for my own part, I prefer it over, having tried both, and found the latter method by far the warmest.

Begging the reader's pardon for making such a breach in my journal, I shall now proceed again. It came on to blow a heavy gale, and the sight of one of our peons fast began to fail him.

Tuesday 21*st.* Waked the peons up before daylight, in hopes of getting the loads up the Cumbre or summit of the Cordillera this day; but owing to so much time being occupied in drying and putting on our snow-shoes, it was nearly eight o'clock before we started, it blew a gale of wind, with thermometer down 14°

below the freezing point. We immediately commenced a steep ascent, the snow laying hard and slippery, consequently very dangerous; on arriving at the top of it, another most stupendous mountain lay before us, all a mass of snow, and as slippery as ice; the gale blew tremendously, and snow began to fall. Such masses were swept from the top by the force of the wind, that it was utterly impossible to face it. When it came to this, our peons' courage began to fail them; it was evident a snow-storm was coming on, and it was our most anxious object to get on to the next casucha, situated at the foot of the Cumbre; so that we might be ready to start over as opportunity offered; for when once across, the descent becomes so very rapid, that all fear of being overtaken by storms is at an end; at least, they are easier to be escaped from, and this casucha being only a league and a half from us, it was very desirable we should reach it, particularly

as a change of the moon was taking place, and we feared much for the weather. My companion, understanding the language much better than I did, urged all in his power to prevail upon them to push forward, stating our scanty stock of provisions, how easy it would be to get over when once at the foot. We even set the example by advancing up ourselves, but all to no purpose; they crouched under the lee of some rocks and would not move. The storm increased, and the snow came down in clouds, sufficient to blind us, so that, at last, we were obliged to leave all our luggage to the mercy of the storm and make a precipitate retreat back again to the casucha.

These hovels, miserable and wretched as they truly are, prove to the storm-driven traveller, in the dreadful dreary regions of the Andes, a most welcome resting-place. There are eight of them in the highest parts of the Cordillera; they are built of brick, at an elevation of about ten feet

from the ground, and average fourteen feet by twelve inside; once they had doors, but necessity, that stern mother of invention, instigated some perishing travellers to burn them, in order to supply the want of that necessary article fuel, which is not even to be seen during winter in the Cordillera. The very cross-beams were burnt, so that it was impossible to keep out the perishing cold air. Added to this, there were nine holes to admit the light, which various travellers had taken the greatest pains, (now the want of a door admitted it,) to stuff up with any old rags, bricks, or stones, they could find; and proving that even these were not easily procured, they had pulled the bricks from out of the wall, and off the outside of what, at one time, was a flight of brick steps to ascend by, but which are now so delapidated, as to render it a task to clamber up into the interior, so that in a few years, if no means are taken to repair them, even these miserable abodes for the shelter of man will tumble to pieces.

To view the storm from these dreary abodes as it passes by, is dismal and awful in the extreme. I have witnessed a hurricane in a desert—shipwreck—fire and storms at sea—but nothing can equal the terrific, awful appearance of a snow storm in the Andes.

As we sat shivering in the casucha, the mountains, from being so close to us, appeared a wall of snow, their tops joining as it were in one mass, with the clouds of snow flying around us. In vain did I look for a dark spot to rest my painful eyes upon, tracing the mountains all round, from the base to their summits; wandering again over heaven and earth, all—all appeared a world of snow, picturing desolation itself; the miserable casucha alone standing in the midst of it. The wild wind whistled through its many apertures, shaking its very foundation, and roared and cracked in the mountains above us, that were continually sending down large masses of snow that would fall with a dense awful noise, threatening destruction to every thing beneath that

might come within its reach. Pent up here, while the storm is howling and roaring around, the traveller cannot move without, but must wait with humble submission to the will of "Him who alone can still its raging," and on whom alone he can safely rely for a happy release from such an awful and dreary situation.

From the effects of the piercing high wind, we were all affected with sore eyes. Our provisions now became a great source of anxiety; however, the poor peons submitted (should the storm last) to go on very short allowance. Here again we found that the arreiro had deceived us, in not having laid in a supply according to his agreement; but more of him hereafter. Our stock of wine and spirits was reduced to one bottle of brandy. The storm continued the whole day, and in the night increased to a perfect hurricane. As may be supposed, it proved a most anxious and dismal one to us; the thermometer was 15° below the freezing point.

"In the conquest of Chili, many of the Spa-

niards were frozen to death sitting on their mules, in crossing the mountains that divide Chili and Peru. Acosta says, his friend the general Jerome Costilla, of Cusco, lost several of his toes in passing over the desert of Chili, in going from Peru. They were so perished by the severity of the air, that when he came to look on them, they were dead; and fell off without any pain, 'even as a rotten apple falleth from a tree.'

"He says, this general formerly conducted a large army over these mountains; and that he left a considerable number of the soldiers dead there, who were killed by the baneful cold winds that constantly blow in those regions. On the general's return from his expedition, he found the dead bodies lying scattered about, but quite entire, and without scent or putrefaction. Near to the place where the dead bodies were, he found a boy, who had survived his miserable companions that remained behind, unable to proceed on the expedition. This boy had ex-

isted in a cave, skreened from the winds; and fed on the flesh of the horses that perished there with the troops."*

Many instances occur of the peons losing their toes and fingers in the Cordillera: one of ours had lost two of his toes, and the arreiro the first joint of one of his fingers. The peon who carried the news of the battle of Ayacucha from Chili to Buenos Ayres in the extraordinary time of eight days, was in the following winter caught in a snow storm and nearly perished: he lost all his toes. As it was so extraordinary a journey to be performed in so short a space of time, (when he arrived at Buenos Ayres,) they thought him an impostor, and put him in prison; but he was soon released, and most handsomely rewarded. During my stay at Santiago, I went to see him, when he described his toes as having dropped off without feeling. I regret

* Extract from Moseley's Work on "Tropical Climates."

much not recollecting his name; but he was as fine and handsome a man as I ever saw in my life, and is well known by all the English merchants.

CHAPTER VI.

Storm abates—Proceed—Find our Luggage buried in Snow—Cross over Natural Bridges of Snow—Arrive at the Foot of the Cumbre—Magnificent Appearance—Description of the Ascent—Arrive at the Summit—Puna, or Difficulty of Breathing—Descend immediately—Deserted Goods laying in the Cordillera—Terrific Descent of the Cuesta de Concual—Method of Descending—Meet our Peons from Chili—Clear the Snow—Feelings at the Time—Arrive at a Deserted Guard-house—Alto del Soldado, or Soldier's Leap—Arrive at the Valley of Aconcagua—Chilian Ladies—Valley of Quillota—Arrive at Valparaiso—Advice to Travellers—Table of Thermometrical Observations.

August 22nd. It pleased God to abate the storm, and the morning proved fine, but the wind still high, with thermometer at 30°. We started early, and commenced ascending the tremendous mountain of snow before us; every track was

covered, and we found our luggage half buried in the snow. On arriving at the top, we descended a little, and crossed the river Los Orcones over a natural bridge of snow, which in some places we could perceive was ten feet thick. After two hours' labour, we arrived at the casucha situated at the foot of the Cumbre, where we halted to take some refreshment and prepare for our arduous undertaking. The sight of the Cumbre was grand, awful, and magnificent; running up into the clouds, a height of at least two thousand feet, one pure mass of snow, without the slightest print of any thing upon it. All was as smooth as glass; and as the sun reflected its rays full upon this mass of purest virgin white, it gave it all the dazzling appearance of an enormous mountain of alabaster, and the little casucha was surrounded on all sides by huge mountains covered with pure snow from top to bottom.

The Cumbre does not show the whole of its height, so that the traveller winds round and round by angular cuts, in order to gain more

easily its mighty summits.* At ten we commenced ascending by angular cuts across the mountain, making some long and others short, according to its steepness. The snow was not so hard as we expected, which so far secured us a surer footing; but it was distressing to see the poor peons sinking into it above their knees, the mountain silence broken only by their cries, which echoed them back again most mournfully. The sun reflected so powerfully on the dazzling white, and the wind blew so keenly down upon us, that I began now to fear my sight would fail me. My companion had crossed one winter before, and after reaching the summit of the Cumbre, was led down the opposite side quite blind, and remained so for several days. Then, he was only two days in the snow; this was our fourth; but, thank God, that awful calamity was spared me. Our ascent increased to that degree of steepness that in many places we were obliged literally to crawl sideways on our hands

* See the representation.

and knees; once or twice I looked down, and the sight absolutely astonished me; some were very far behind, and looked such perfect pigmies, that I could scarcely believe I was such a height above them; and then to look at those again that towered high above myself, made me feel lest, by one false step, they might come tumbling down and precipitate me upon those beneath, who were too deeply employed looking for a secure footing for themselves, to think of any one else. It was certainly an awful height to look from, and I half regretted doing so, as it made me feel for the security of those above, which before I never thought of, being too much engaged about my own.

We were four hours and a half at this distressing labour before reaching the summit. Those poor peons who arrived first, looked down upon the others and neighed for joy, in imitation of the mules. Here was a cross erected on the very summit, to the memory of some peons who perished in a storm at the commencement of a severe winter, having been overtaken before

they could reach the casucha, which is not more than a quarter of a mile distant. The day was beautifully clear and fine; but high wind, which the rarefied atmosphere rendered piercingly cold. The thermometer stood at 34°. On the top is a small flat, but the view is still bounded by mountains of eternal snow, where human foot has never trod. I picked up a few stones, and did not fail to think of those friends in England to whom I had promised to bring some memento from the summit of the Cordillera of the Andes. As I had heard the puna, or difficulty of breathing, so much spoken of, and so much dreaded by travellers, I paid particular attention to it, and cannot say that I felt any more inconvenience than I should have done, in undergoing such a continued labour, even had it not been at such an elevation. All I felt was great thirst, which I partially allayed by eating the snow as I ascended the mountain; but strange to say, instead of alleviating, this only irritates it, and it was a long time before we got to water, for

the want of which, we were all very much distressed; however, my not feeling the puna is no criterion that others should not, for it has been severely felt by many travellers.

Acosta crossed the Andes in 1580, at the passage of Pariacaca in Peru. When he arrived at the top, he says: "I was seized with so mortal and strange a pang, with straining and vomiting, that I thought to have cast up my very heart; for having vomited up meat, phlegm, and choler, both yellow and green, in the end I cast up blood." He says, that many have lost their lives in this manner, and that not only the passage of Pariacaca, but also the ridge of mountains which runs above five hundred leagues through Peru and Chili, produce the same effects; but in no place so violently as Pariacaca. Of four gentlemen also whom I saw, that had crossed the Andes by way of the grand pass of Uspallata, three informed me, that they felt this strange sickness in a very severe degree.

Acosta says, the air over these mountains de-

stroys vegetation; the grass is often burnt and black with it. "That it is not so sensible as piercing. It quencheth the vital heat; yet it doth not corrupt, or give any putrefaction to dead bodies. The best remedy against its influence is, for people to stop their noses, their ears, and their mouths, as much as may be; and to cover themselves with clothes, especially the stomach; for that the air is so subtle and piercing, that not only men feel this alteration, but also beasts, that sometimes stay there; as no spur, or beating, can make them go forward." *

On my return across the Andes in December 1827, I found the mules frequently stop to breathe, especially going up the Cumbre, where they stopt at every turning of the zigzag path, as if affected in the lungs, when from experience I found, as Acosta observes, that "no spur, or beating, could make them go forward," till they went at their own pleasure; but this is not appli-

* Lib. iii. cap. 9.

cable to the Cumbre, or highest parts of the Cordillera only, for in many places did they stop as if from an affection of the lungs, and not from the labour of climbing. The same was the case with many of the peons that would at times walk, for they would stop and cry, "puna! puna!" then mount again; and they appeared also to know the spots where they would feel it, if on foot, for they frequently remarked, "Aqui esta mucha puna." "There is much puna here." I could only attribute this to there being mineral in those spots, which might more or less have affected the air, which had some influence on the lungs.

Our descent commenced immediately, for the peons have great dread of remaining on the Cumbre, which is seldom so clear as we found it. Another cross close by, pointed out the spot where some unfortunate wretch had perished. Speaking of the descent, we came to it immediately: it was a very steep mountain, looking down about six hundred feet, and I was asto-

nished to see the peons unload, and quietly put their luggage before them, then sitting down, away they went sliding the whole way to the bottom, laughing and enjoying it very much. I cannot say that I liked it quite so well; but it was too steep to walk down without running the chance of tumbling head over heels, so I even sat down to try what I could do. At first it was all very pleasant; but when my velocity increased, so as to lose all command over myself, I began to regret undertaking what I knew nothing at all about, for the peons can guide themselves with their hands any way they please. This was beyond my ability to comprehend, although I know very well how to steer a ship, it puzzled me much how to apply that knowledge to myself. However, I arrived safe at the bottom, when on looking up, and seeing others follow me with the greatest velocity, was certainly astonished at the feat I had performed. We were now in a valley walking over a river that was covered with snow. Immense mountains

ran up on each side of us, not more than a hundred yards apart, covered from top to bottom with the purest white, not a spot or footstep to be seen upon either. The sun's dazzling rays reflecting full upon them was very distressing to our eyes. We arrived late at the miserable Casucha de Calaveras, which appeared like a black speck upon the pure white around. We did not perceive it until close upon it, and no wonder, for it was surrounded by a perfect wall of snow eight feet high. We could not get other water than snow here, although there is a stream and large lake, Laguna del Inca, close to it; but both were frozen over and covered with snow. In this miserable abode there were four bales of goods that had been left, and deserted in a storm, showing plainly the severity of the season; and there they would remain till the Cordillera opened, as safe as if in the owner's stores. Instances have been known of goods being deserted and buried in the snow for the whole winter, and afterwards found untouched.

We were all much tired this day, having performed a tremendous journey of four leagues and a half, including an ascent of upwards of three, and descent of two thousand feet.

Thursday, 23d. We started very early, with a fine morning, being determined to push on as fast as possible, for fear of the weather changing: our descent became so rapid, that we were running half the time. At the distance of a league came to a cross, erected to the memory of a companion of one of our peons, who perished last winter under circumstances exactly similar to those our young lad was saved from. At three leagues came to the Cuesta de Concual. This was a dreadful descent, leading down to an awful depth below, with the river running at the bottom, but a very short distance to the right. It was really terrific to look down; and I am speaking within the opinion of many whom I have consulted on the subject, when I say, that it was at least eleven or twelve hundred feet, in a direct descent; in all parts so steep, that there

was no possibility of standing; many parts were also hard and slippery, and how to get down this was now our task, which I should never have thought in the power of human beings to accomplish, had I not witnessed it and done it myself: so little are we aware what we are capable of performing, till brought to the trial.

I stood and gazed with wonder, scarcely believing it possible they would attempt it. However, the loads were cast off, and away they flew, tumbling and sliding down like lightning. Our beds went into the river, and were soon swept out of sight. Then the peons prepared, and laying themselves flat on their backs, with their arms and legs extended, to my utter amazement, they flew down one after the other, with the swiftness of an arrow, guiding themselves clear of the river, although going down with such velocity; one turned, and rolled once or twice head over heels, then round and round like a ball, till he reached the bottom without the slightest injury. Now, I thought this would never do for

DESCENDING THE CUESTA DE CONCUAL,

IN THE CORDILLERA OF THE ANDES, IN THE WINTER OF 1827.

me, so I waited to see how my companion would manage. He approached the brink, and working a hole first to rest his heel in, thrust his stick half way in the snow, so that it might support him to lower himself down a little, and then dig another hole. In this manner he went down the very steepest part, and then let go, and slid the rest in a sitting posture. Now came my turn: I commenced with the plan of my companion, but finding it so very steep, and not liking the hanging posture by one arm, I acted more securely, but was much longer about it; first working a hole with my stick, and putting my heel in it; then working another hole, and putting the other heel in, thus seeing my way clearly before me; and having a footing of both feet at a time in a sitting posture, while I worked myself steps with my stick, till I passed the steepest part: then I let go, laying flat on my back, and went down with amazing velocity, a distance of five hundred feet. Coming down this place occupied me nearly two hours; but, I would

not have let go on the steepest part for all the gold and silver in the mines of Peru.

Descending at this rapid rate, it may be imagined, caused a great change of temperature; for, as we advanced, we found the snow getting softer, consequently our labour greater, sinking in some places far above the knees. At length we met our peons from Chili, who had horses and mules for us at the foot of the snow, which they informed us, extended within a league of La Guardia. Still pushing forward, we arrived at the horses, and cleared the snow about four P. M. very much fatigued.

The sensation of relief to the eyes, and treading on terra firma, can scarcely be described; and the sight of the horses, being the only living creatures we had seen for five days, can only be imagined by those who have felt it. As there were not mules sufficient to carry us and our luggage, my companion and I mounted the horses, leaving every thing behind but our wet beds, under the care of two of the peons;

we very soon came to green shrubs, to rest our wearied eyes upon, and nature again appeared in her smiling aspect, cheering us up to prosecute our journey. One of the passes on this side had also given way, owing to a heavy fall from above. The broken part of the mountain showed five distinct lines of strata, as perfect as if they had been painted: I picked up the different specimens of each. The cargo mule on passing this ladera, slipped, and rolled down the mountain into the bed of the torrent, two hundred feet beneath, and cut its hind legs in a dreadful manner.

As the sun went down, we arrived at La Guardia, the first habitation coming out of the Cordillera; but such had been the severity of the winter, that it was deserted: nevertheless, finding ourselves safe out of the dismal Cordillera, it proved a most welcome and cheering habitation to us; and it was with the purest feelings of gratitude I lifted my heart to God for his gracious protection and preservation to

me through all. On unpacking our beds, we found they were completely soaked through; it was rather a hardship, to have to lay upon the bare ground after such a hard day's journey of seven leagues over deep and heavy snow.

Friday, 24th. Fine morning; arose with sore bones and stiff limbs, occasioned by yesterday's exertion, and sleeping on the ground. Our peons started at daylight for the luggage that was left at the foot of the snow. I could scarcely credit the mild temperature of the morning, the thermometer stood at 45°. Having now mules and horses, we started at ten, very much to the delight of the poor peons, who were relieved of their loads. Our descent was still rapid, between a ridge of mountains, with the river on our left. The country on this side very soon assumed a cheerful appearance; evergreen bushes, much resembling myrtles, and some very fine trees peculiar to this country, with many wild peach-trees in blossom, showed that the genial warmth of a Chili spring was fast advancing. As

we proceeded, the country grew richer in appearance, with most beautiful scenery, richly wooded, and very prolific in little wild mountain flowers, of various colours, delighting the eye as we passed; and the aromatic odour proceeding from the algaroba, with numerous birds of varied plumage chirping around us, (the first of animated nature we had seen since leaving Uspallata,) gave a buoyancy to our feelings truly delightful; in fact, it all appeared perfect enchantment, and I could scarcely believe it possible, that only the day before, I was in the dreary, dismal, frozen regions of the Cordillera: many times did I look back to gaze at its awful magnificence, in order to convince myself of the fact. At two P. M. arrived at Los Loros, the first inhabited abode since leaving Uspallata, a period of eight days. It is a miserable building of rushes; but most romantically situated in a green valley by the side of the river Aconcagua, where mountains run up on each side to an awful height, their summits covered with snow. We got some

excellent milk, fresh from the cow; and while enjoying it under the shade of a tree, (for the thermometer now stood at 84° in the sun,) flocks of parrots were hovering over our heads, shrieking out their discordant notes; but which was music to my ears, as it reminded me that I was further removed from the dreary regions. As we descended, the velocity of the torrent increased, also the beauty of the scenery, many places having all the appearance of a gentleman's park. As we wound out of these, to round the sides of some of the tremendous mountains, the roaring torrent lay beneath us, and on the opposite side were many cascades, falling and roaring down the sides of the mountains, in many places a perpendicular height of 600, 800, and 1000 feet. We passed El alto del Soldado, or the Soldier's Leap, which is a most remarkable gap in a huge mountain, as if it had been reft by an earthquake, with a torrent rushing through it, emptying itself into the river. It is famed (so report says) for a deserter having leaped

over it, when being hard pressed by his pursuers; but I very much doubt the truth of such report, for it is at least twenty feet broad. After crossing a deep and rapid stream, we arrived at a few miserable huts; but the cultivated spots proved that the active hand of industry was much more conspicuous in Chili than on the eastern side of the Cordillera. After the most beautiful and romantic day's ride I ever enjoyed in my life, we arrived late in the valley of Aconcagua, twelve leagues from La Guardia, where we were hospitably entertained at the Estancia of a gentleman named Don Patricia.

Saturday, 25*th*, was a lovely morning. Found that our situation was in a beautiful plain well laid out in plantations, and situated close at the foot of the Andes. Our host proved to be the civil governor of the town of St. Felippe, four leagues from hence, through which place lay our road. He was polite enough to accompany us and introduced us to his family, where we remained dinner. Though every thing was excellent and

good it was still in that same comfortless style as at Mendoza; only here the party not being so large, the dishes came on separately, and each person helped himself. On leaving this town, we passed many Chilian ladies on horseback, dressed in all the colours of the rainbow. They wore round hats of silk, with gay feathers; their pillions were adorned with red, yellow, and blue pieces of cloth cut out in the shape of diamonds; the horse's head-piece and reins were covered all over with small square pieces of silver. Besides these ornaments, the blue saddle-cloth had a red border, with large red tassels attached to it. We now crossed the rapid river and entered the delightful plain of Santa Rosa,* where much fine hemp is grown. The industrious inhabitants were employed threshing it, and in some places spinning it into yarn, and making rope. We continued travelling very late this night. After passing over several steep cuestas, and crossing many rapid torrents

* The river Aconcagua separates the plain of Santa Rosa from the valley of Aconcagua.

in the dark, we arrived at ten o'clock at the village of Ocao, very much to the astonishment of the civil hostess, who got out of bed and very goodnaturedly made us some supper.

Sunday, 26th. Started again at daylight; wishing, if possible, to get into Valparaiso before night. After travelling some distance through the beautiful valley, we ascended a very steep cuesta, from the top of which was a most lovely view. On the left lay the beautiful and fertile valley of Quillota, bound in the distance by undulating hills, covered with rich verdure, with many spots laid out in fine plantations. On our right we looked down upon the plain of Santa Rosa, laying at our feet like a map, with the rapid river winding its serpentine course till it was lost sight of, by turning round the mountains in the distance, over which was again seen the mighty snow-capped Cordillera. We descended into the valley of Quillota, and passed through the town just as the inhabitants were coming out of church. The ladies' taste for black, (church dress

in South America,) gave them a very sombre appearance, particularly as they cover their heads with a large shawl of the same colour. It was singular to observe the contrast of the great huge stirrup of Chili, which was a mere large block of wood, with a hole hollowed out to rest the foot in, while those of the Pampas were the smallest triangle of bent wood, just sufficient to admit the great toe. We stopped at the end of the town to bait our horses and mules, and proceeded on again, through the plain, till five o'clock, when finding the mules so very tired that it would be impossible for them to reach Valparaiso that night, we procured a guide for ourselves, and left them in charge of our arriero to follow the next morning. To give an idea of the natives' calculation of distance, the guide informed us that we were only two leagues from the Port,* but to our mortification we found it full five, and a very bad road; having to cross over torrents, rocks, and precipices; the consequence was my companion's horse knocked up,

* Valparaiso.

and it was ten o'clock at night before we reached Valparaiso: thus making thirteen days from the time of leaving Mendoza?* The first thing that struck my attention was the enormous length of the town, with the mountains close behind the houses; in fact, touching their backs, which made it appear dark and dismal: then the guardians of the night first blowing a whistle, the same as a boatswain on board a ship, and chaunting the hour of the night. The next circumstance in direct opposition to what appeared so decidedly foreign, was, on enquiring where the fonda or hotel was situated, we were asked if we could speak English. I took up my abode at a house kept by Mr. French, which was a very good one; and after taking some refreshment, the cleanest and best I had tasted since leaving Buenos Ayres, I was heartily glad to get to bed.

Having thus performed the arduous task of crossing the whole continent of South America, during the most severe winter that had been

* Got sight of the Pacific at 8 o'clock, P.M.

known for many years, I shall endeavour, in the event of this journal falling into the hands of any travellers who may have to undertake the same journey, to point out to them a few necessary hints that may prove of some service. In the first place, then, in preparing for crossing the Pampas, should they carry luggage, I would strongly recommend portmantuas, of equal size and weight, averaging about seventy-five pounds each; the bed is then laid between these two, which does not distress a horse, a bag may also accompany them with a few necessaries for the journey, such as sugar, maté, tea, &c. Bread may always be procured in the course of a day at some of the post-houses, therefore there is no necessity for a traveller to incommode himself with more than one day's supply. The peon, who acts as guide, will always carry a small *velice*, containing a change of linen and shaving materials for the journey, and this is all a traveller ought to take who wishes to go comfortably and not incommoded; his portmantuas

above all things ought to be sewed up in hide, for it may easily be supposed they will cut and chafe a good deal in a journey of one thousand three hundred miles; for the want of this, mine were cut literally through, damaging my clothes in the inside: and last not least, a steady peon must be engaged at Buenos Ayres, to act as servant; and I would recommend, if going to Chili, to engage him for the whole way. So much for the Pampas: the Cordillera requires a little more circumspection, especially in the winter. On arriving at Mendoza it is customary to engage an arriero or guide of the mountains, whose place it is to supply mules and peons to carry over the luggage; as I have before stated, ours deceived us; in the first place, not having peons sufficient, next, very little provisions, and thirdly, not having his charcoal made according to agreement, before leaving Mendoza; which was the cause of detaining us one day and two nights at Uspallata, and so very true is it, that delays are dangerous, that this one day proved

so to us, for we should have passed the Cumbre before the snow storm came on; consequently saved that day; and it so happened, that the day of the night we arrived in Valparaiso, a vessel sailed for Lima, therefore we missed that chance, and had to wait nine days for the sailing of another. I merely mention this to show what may be the value of one day on some occasions, particularly as the natives of South America have no idea whatever of the value of time; therefore, to proceed, I would advise, before leaving Mendoza, for the traveller *himself* to see, that every thing is provided by the arriero according to agreement, and not to take his word for it, for if he does, he will be sure to deceive him, then to lay in his little stock of comforts which are necessary for the Cordillera. All I can say on this subject is, that he wants every thing for the time he is likely to remain there; if winter, twenty days' provisions is not too much, for it will be too late to regret not having laid out a few extra dollars when the storm overtakes

him, and shuts him up in one of those miserable casuchas for seven or eight days. And now, in taking leave of the traveller who may visit these dreary regions, he must not be alarmed at hearing of the deaths of so many of the poor miserable peons, for they are the most improvident people in the world, and think of nothing till the moment it is wanted, two of ours were without hats, and one of them was absolutely without a jacket. When I first started, I fully expected on rising some morning to have found one or two of them frozen to death, and it is only astonishing how they can stand the severity of such changes of temperature in the manner they do. As I had never seen a register of the thermometer by any travellers who had crossed the Andes, and thinking it might prove very interesting, I took the greatest pains to ascertain the temperature as correctly as possible, which I here give in a table, in order to have it in one view.

Table of the Thermometer, showing the various changes of Temperature in ascending and descending the Cordillera of the Andes, during a Journey in the severe Winter of 1827.

Days of Month.	8 A. M.	Noon.	2 P. M.	3 P. M.	Sunset.	REMARKS, &c.
August 13th.	38°	60°	67°	65°	40°	Temperature at Mendoza.
—— 14th.	36	66	70	63	38	Slept at Villavicencia—a gale of wind.
—— 15th.	38	60	65	63	40	Slept at Uspallata two nights: employed preparing char-
—— 16th.	35	68	71	63	40	coal, and for entering the Cordillera.
—— 17th.	29	66	70	65	36	Slept in the open air in the Cordillera.
—— 18th.	38	46	49	45	32	Slept in the open air, surrounded by snow.
—— 19th.	31	32	36	31	25	Slept at Casucha de Pujios, where lay dead Peon.
—— 20th.	20	22	22	20	18	Slept at Casucha Paramilla, where storm overtook us, and
—— 21st.	17	20	20	18	17	blocked us up till the 22nd.
—— 22nd.	30	34	35	30	29	Crossed the Cumbre, and slept at Casucha Calaveras, in Chili.
—— 23rd.	29	47	53	57	56	Cleared the snow, at 4 P.M. arrived at deserted guard-house,
—— 24th.	45	64	69	60	46	Arrived in Valley of Aconcagua, and slept. [and slept.
—— 25th.	48	68	72	67	49	Slept at the Village of Ocao.
—— 26th.	45	67	71	64	53	10 P. M. arrived at Valparaiso.

By the annexed table it may plainly be seen, that there is a great difference of temperature between the eastern and western sides of the Cordillera of the Andes, although there is always much more snow on the western or Chili side, than on the eastern or Mendoza side. I can only account for this difference by the prevalence of the SW. wind, which is received on the Chili side before passing over the snow; whereas on the Mendoza side, having to pass over an immense track of snow, it always blows down the mountains piercingly keen; look, for instance, at the difference of temperature between the 20*th* and 23*rd*, when we were about equal distances from the Cumbre on the different sides. I do not take the 21st as a criterion, because on that day it blew a dreadful storm. See also the difference between sunrise and sunset, at Mendoza and Valparaiso.

CHAPTER VII.

Description of Valparaiso—Effects of the Earthquake—Leave Valparaiso—Arrive at Callao—Entrance to Lima—Lima Ladies—Robbers—Robberies and Murders—Description of a Temblor, or Shock of an Earthquake—Dress of the Ladies of Lima—Description of a Religious Procession—Leave Lima—Island of Juan Fernandez.

The town of Valparaiso consists of one long street, facing the sea, with the high hills so close behind it, that the houses in many places touch them, except in the Almendral, where it branches off into two streets. Here still remained the ruins of the church that was shook down, during the memorable earthquake of the 19th of November, 1822, at half-past ten at night. Many of the inhabitants sought refuge in it, and were buried in its ruins. The castle, also, which is situated at the other extreme end of the town, (called the

Port,) shared the same fate, and was at this time having its ruins cleared away for building upon. We found the dreadful effects of the winter had been severely felt at Valparaiso. The wrecks of three fine vessels lay strewed on the beach, having been driven from their anchors in a heavy gale of wind from the northward, which sends the sea sweeping into the bay with great fury, being open to northerly winds. Twelve hands perished on board one of them, in sight and hail of thousands of persons assembled on the beach, who could do nothing to save them. The population of Valparaiso is immense. To look at the town, no person could imagine it was half so great; but when the quebradas or hills are looked into, (which lay above the town,) swarming with wretched hovels, and population of the lowest description, astonishment no longer exists. It has been estimated from sixteen to eighteen thousand souls.

Tuesday, September 4th. Having engaged a passage on board the Orion Merchant Brig, that

was going down light to Lima, I embarked at three in the afternoon, when we got under weigh with a very light wind. On clearing the land, we had a strong breeze from the southward, which held till we came off the coast of Peru; which was very barren, shewing the Giant Andes towering in the distance; it then fell light, and continued so until our arrival on the 16th, making the passage in twelve days. The thermometer averaged 65° on the Chili coast, with thick hazy weather, and 72° on the Peruvian, with very light winds.

Directions for running into Callao Bay.—There are two ways of entering into the Bay of Callao, either the southward or northward; the southward is called the Boqueron passage, and is very convenient, coming along shore from that quarter; it may be passed with the greatest safety, by paying proper attention to the marks; which are, when you are in between the island of Fronton, (which is high, and lies off the south-east end of St. Lorenzo,) and the

Horodada Rocks, which are in the Bay of Chorrillas, easily known by the largest having an arch through it. These rocks and a sandy beach, or gap inside of the point of the Morro Solar in one, will lead a ship through the fair channel between the island of St. Lorenzo and Callao Point; the course is about N.W. ¼ W. by compass, and in the shallowest part there is three fathoms water. Don't haul in to the eastward until the Martello Towers bear E. ¼ N.; several accidents have happened by not paying proper attention to this.

To enter to the northward of the island, nothing more is requisite than to haul close round and steer direct for the shipping, which lie about E. by N. by compass; only don't approach too close to the west side of the island, as a heavy swell sets in against it, and it is very apt to fall calm.

The Boqueron passage was little frequented until Lord Cochrane took a frigate through it, the largest vessel that ever passed. On landing at

Callao, which is a miserable dirty town, the remains of the late siege were plainly visible, by many shot-holes through the houses, fort, and churches, which are not yet repaired. After visiting the governor, Rivero, a complete weather-beaten old gentleman, we procured horses, and started for the city of Kings, along a road which looks well to the eye, but miserably bad and stony, being composed of loose sand and stones, running in a direct line for Lima, which is nine miles from Callao. About a mile from the entrance of the city, we entered the Alameda, or Public Walk, formed by double rows of trees on each side of the road, between which was the promenade, with benches for the accommodation of the public. The first object that met my view on entering, was a lady sitting astride on horseback, with a beautiful pair of silver spurs on the smallest feet I ever saw. I cannot say that I was shocked, for she sat most gracefully; but turning round, dreadful to behold, I saw two elegant females—how shall I utter it—smoking

cigars! then the sayo and manto* met my view, so that altogether the most striking novelties appeared to exist in the ladies; and I cannot say that I admired any one of them, either sitting astride on horseback, smoking through a pretty pair of lips, or an elegant figure shown to its every turn by the sayo and manto. Rich and various were the colours of these latter dresses; but I could not help comparing them to walking mummies, instead of the fairer part of the creation.

Passing by these groupes of one-eyed mummies, we entered the gates just as the oration bell tolled—*one*. In an instant all was as silent as death; our horses stopped as if by instinct; all heads were uncovered till the prayer was over, which occupied about two minutes, and was made known by the toll of a third bell, when all was animation again, and onward we proceeded till our arrival at the house of Mr. W.

* For a description of this dress see page 183.

P. R. where I remained, for the night, being too late to get to the inn.

The following morning I sent to Callao for my luggage which had a narrow escape from being stopped by robbers that were on the road, looking out for an expected booty. Fortunately for me, mine was not their object, but what they were waiting for came up while it was passing, which was six thousand dollars, belonging to Messrs. Pfeiffer and Hesterberg, going to be shipped at Callao. The robbers, six in number, were well armed; they murdered the peon and got clear off with the whole.

During my short stay at Lima, I was so much occupied with the business I went upon, that I had no time for making many observations on that famed city; but I certainly cannot help expressing that I felt much disappointment, for it is, without exception, the dirtiest in South America—filth, dirt, and rubbish are to be seen in the streets all day long; and the servants, who are principally slaves, will come to the stream of water that runs

through the middle, and wash fish, and various utensils, leaving the entrails on the sides, rotting in the sun, until they are devoured by immense large birds, called turkey-buzzards, that are constantly to be seen devouring the various nuisances with which the streets are infested.

I had been in Lima but a month, when I received orders to return to England. This put a check to all those observations which I was most anxious to make; but at the time I left, the country was getting in a dreadful state of alarm. Bolivar being expected, had thrown all Lima into confusion, and by some parties a revolution was hourly expected; all capable of bearing arms were enrolled in the militia, none excused excepting under the ages of sixteen and above fifty. The preparations that were making to oppose his entrance, appeared to lay every thing else aside; business was at a stand, government in suspense, one party scarce knowing how to trust the other, armed bodies of banditti were fearlessly infesting the public roads, committing

murders and robberies every day with impunity. During my short stay, three murders were committed, and innumerable robberies. Mrs. Walker, who kept the inn, was stopped on the Callao road, in company with a gentleman, by two robbers, who stripped them of every thing, and taking the gentleman's horse from him, he was obliged to mount up behind the lady, and in that situation they entered Lima. Mr. Kelly, the vice-consul, was stopped by two robbers, who felt an inclination for his horse, when, in endeavouring to make his escape from them, they fired two shots at him, one of which tore away his coat, and grazed the skin from under his arm.

I went to see the body of a gentleman who was dragged from his wife while in bed, and murdered in the next room to her; he had fourteen stabs in his body, and appeared to have made a desperate resistance, for several chairs were broken, and parts of them covered with blood and hair. It appears he used them to

defend himself. Shortly after this, two French gentlemen were murdered on the Callao road, and strange to say, no steps were ever taken to find out the perpetrators of these horrid crimes; they passed quite unheeded by the government as if nothing had happened; indeed it was quite dangerous to walk the Alameda, or public walk, after dusk, for so many robberies had been committed there during broad daylight. The English and other foreigners would never ride out excepting in parties of five or six, and then they were always well armed. During my short stay, Lima was visited by several temblores, or earthquakes, one of which was very severe, and occurred in the evening, when the streets were full of people. In my life I never experienced a sensation more awful—a noise resembling thunder was underneath my feet—the earth shook and trembled—a sickly sensation came over me, and I was nearly knocked down by men, women, and children, flying out of their houses, screaming "Temblor, temblor!" and running to and fro in all directions. Some lay down on their

faces; most of the men were kneeling, and crossing themselves, and praying to their saints for protection. Children were clinging to their mothers, and screaming with all their might; the dogs howled most piteously, and crouching among the crowd, seemed to ask for protection; the horses stood trembling with affright, with their riders kneeling by their sides, and the birds fluttered about in the air as if their wings were useless.* After three successive shocks, a death-like silence prevailed, and every one appeared rivetted to the spot where they stood. All heads were uncovered, and the different attitudes of standing, kneeling, and laying, impressed me with feelings which I think will never be erased from my memory. This shock happened on October 30th, and was registered by many as being the smartest ever felt without doing damage or causing the loss of lives.

The depravity of morals at Lima is proverbial. The disgusting dress of the females in a

* The effect these shocks have upon all animals and birds is very surprising.

great measure speaks to the fact. I call it disgusting, because it was the first impression I felt on seeing it, and that impression was not worn off when I left, although many of my countrymen were in raptures with it and termed it elegant. Time might have worn off this first impression; still, it cannot constitute the fact of its being elegant, when it takes so long a time to become reconciled to it. I mention this merely because those very gentlemen who now admire the dress, admit themselves that at first they experienced a little revolt at it.

As I am not singular in thinking this dress disgusting, I shall here give an extract of a letter from a lady to her friend in the United States, taken from a New York paper, wherein it is much better described than I could do it. She says, "A most singular and disgusting dress is worn by the females of Lima in the streets, called the 'sayo y manto;' it is peculiar to, and is worn only by them. It consists of a petticoat of silk or bombazine, laid in fine plaits

and drawn together underneath with silk; they are so thickly laid that the dress is elastic, and defines the figure as nicely as possible; this is confined in a binding, just large enough to hook round the waist, and reaches to the ancles; they are generally black or brown, but the lower classes wear them of lighter colours, much ornamented with lace and pearls. A black silk mantle, or thick elastic guaze, is then tied round the waist, and drawn up behind over the head like a hood or friar's cossack, concealing the arms, and so held by the hand as to completely hide every part of the face except one eye. It is worn as our pelisses, over the ordinary dress, and is not only inelegant, but extremely indelicate; it forms such a perfect mask, that no man knows his wife, or daughter, and affords such a disguise that the females go where they please, even at night, without fear; and it is a good comment upon the extreme laxity of morals, which is said to prevail in all classes of society."

In doors, the ladies are very untidy; in the

A LADY OF LIMA IN HER WALKING DRESS.

morning I have found them, what in England would be called very slovenly and dirty, lolling on a sofa, with a morning gown carelessly put on, and loosely tied round the waist, half open behind, showing a petticoat none of the cleanest; between the opening of that also sometimes the bare back might be seen. They never wear stays, and their front hair would be in paper, without cap or handkerchief over their head, hanging down behind in one or two long tails; on their feet a pair of dirty faded silk stockings, with a pair of dirty fine old satin shoes down at heel, which frequently showed a few holes in the stockings. A shawl is then carelessly thrown over their bare neck and shoulders; and in this elegant costume do they loiter away the whole day, never dressing till evening, which is their time for receiving visits, or going out shopping. Their appearance at Church in the sayo and manto is very curious. As chairs are not allowed, the ladies are all squatted on the floor in the centre, to which part the gentlemen

dare not approach, and the appearance of upwards of a hundred or so of these figures with their heads entirely covered with the black manto has a very gloomy effect, which is not diminished by the sombre silence which reigns throughout the immense buildings for hours together unbroken, save by the occasional movements caused by some of these figures stalking along the aisles, either for the purpose of joining the devotional groupe, or departing from the gloomy scene.

In walking it is also very striking, for they are seldom accompanied by a gentleman, and never take the arm; their march is very stately, generally following each other in pairs, and with only one eye just peeping out, although I have used the comparison before, I never could meet them without thinking of walking mummies.

They have a very pretty custom at Lima of presenting a stranger with a rose on his first entering their houses, accompanied with the Spanish compliment of "esta casa está a su

disposicion"—this house is at your disposal or disposition. During my stay in the city I had many roses presented to me by some of the loveliest and fairest of its daughters. There is very little social intercourse amongst the families; petty jealousies being carried very high. On this account foreign residents associate very little with them. "Au contraire," at Buenos Ayres: there the intercourse is very great, and the society very agreeable, which the many intermarriages that have taken place plainly proves. The men of Lima appear to be a different race from all others I met with in South America, for they are dirty and indolent to an amazing degree: smoking from morning till night. Having frequent occasion to attend the public offices, I always found them filled with smoke, and the floors disgustingly dirty, from the continued spitting of the officers and clerks. I have seen officers holding the highest situations sitting smoking at their desks with a shirt on that would disgrace a chimney-sweep, and their beards generally of a week's growth, to say nothing of their hands, which are al-

ways shamefully dirty; when they appear in the streets all this filth and dirt is covered by a large Spanish cloak, thrown over their shoulders, in the true style of the country, muffled up to their eyes.

My stay in Lima was from the the 16th of September until the 10th of November, which are winter months, and allowed to be the most unhealthy time of the year. It certainly never rains at Lima, but the heavy dews which fall night and morning are very prejudicial to the health of Europeans, and may be compared to what we call Scotch mists in England; they are very apt to give cold, which if caught generally terminates in tertiana.*

During these winter months, which are from June till November, every thing in the houses becomes very damp, and all iron or steel work rusts. The baneful effects of this dampness may in some measure account for the prevalence of so much smoking, which is not confined to the

* A severe ague.

men, the females indulging in it to almost an equal extent; no doubt to a certain degree it may be useful, but carried to the excess it is, I cannot but imagine it must be very prejudicial. The average temperature of the thermometer, during the whole of my stay, was 74° in the shade at two P.M.

The priests in Lima are disgusting. Many have I seen absolutely drunk in the streets; and I only wish this was the worst thing I had to say of them. In their processions I have witnessed scenes shocking to human nature. In carrying the Virgin Mary through the streets, twelve females, supposed to be virgins, are selected to carry frankincense before her. These women are now generally female slaves of the very worst and most abandoned description.* These women, as they proceed before the Virgin, are screaming and hallooing with all their might,

* Formerly it was considered an honour for the daughters of the first families in the place to carry the frankincense before the Virgin.

at the same time throwing up the incense to her. The priests are singing psalms, and I have seen them in many of these processions absolutely drunk while singing their psalms; and between every verse laughing and talking, and even with their arms round the waists of these females. On the arrival of the Virgin at the church, the scene becomes more like a riot than a religious procession. Being once in a church when a procession entered, I could not imagine what in the world was the matter; such screaming, hallooing, hooting, and roaring, as I never heard in my life, was set up immediately the Virgin made her appearance. The boys outside were huzzaing, and throwing fire-works within, which occasioned a scene of tumult impossible to be described. When this uproar had subsided a little, a beautiful deep-toned organ vibrated through the many aisles of the magnificent Santo Domingo, and the finest sacred music I ever heard was chaunted by the choir of singers; between each cadence had a pin dropped, it might have been

heard throughout the crowded church, which but a minute before was all uproar and confusion. Alas! as I came away, I could not but think what a mixture of frenzy, bigotry, and mockery of religion was all this.

The average temperature of the thermometer during the month of September was 67°, in October 75°, November, till the 10th, 80°.

On the 10*th* of *November*, I embarked on board the Volador, a little schooner under eighty tons burthen, for Valparaiso, intending to cross the Cordillera again, on my return towards England. We sailed the same day. This little vessel was swarming with cockroaches to that degree, that at night the beams were literally covered with them, and they (the beams) not being ten inches above my head when laying in bed, I usually found, on waking in the morning, a dozen or so of these creatures crushed to death between my sheets.

We held SE. winds till the 24th, before we got into the variables, which drove us into the

long. of 93° W. On the 30*th*, saw the island of Mas-afuera rising out of the sea like a huge black rock, its summits covered with clouds. This island is called Juan Fernandez de Afuera, or Juan Fernandez Further Out, being about one hundred and twenty miles to the westward of that island. It is not inhabited, but is frequently visited by sealers, on account of the numerous quantity of seals there. During the night, we passed within five or six miles of it, and the following day observed the island of Juan Fernandez bearing E. by S. This is the island so famed for the solitary residence of Alexander Selkirk, whose history formed the basis of that well-known and interesting tale of Robinson Crusoe. As we neared the island, and passed it about sunset, the captain pointed out to me the spot which is marked out as the residence of poor Robinson Crusoe. The weather was so thick and hazy, that I could just perceive a change of colour from the dark rocky appearance the whole island bears as viewed from the sea; but it

abounds with wood, water, cattle, goats, and pasturage. Lord Anson, in his voyage, speaks of it as a little paradise, and made it his principal rendezvous. The Chilian government formerly sent their convicts there; but withdrew them in 1819, since which time it has remained uninhabited, as the government shows no disposition to grant its protection to any one who might undertake to settle there.

The sight of this island naturally brought Robinson Crusoe to our remembrance, and led to a conversation on the subject, when the captain of the packet gave me a most interesting account of two brothers attempting to settle on the island of Mocha, a little further to the southward, in lat. 38° 30′ S. long. 74° W., and nearly opposite the coast of Valdivia, which I think equally as interesting; and from being founded on facts, and the parties well known in Chili to this day, I shall here give it, just as it was related to me.

CHAPTER VIII.

Affecting History of two Brothers—Gale of Wind at Sea—Arrive at Valparaiso—Leave Valparaiso—Description of a Cuesta; with troops of Mules—Arrive at Santiago—Reports of the unsettled State of the Pampas—Prepare for crossing the Andes—Climate of Chili.

JOHN and GEORGE ROBERTON, two brothers, after buffeting about South America, trying various schemes to invest their little property to the best advantage, decided upon settling at the island of Mocha, with the intention of establishing a seal-fishery, and cultivating some parts of the island, which is very prolific in its natural produce, and by the labour of man might, from its situation and capabilities, be made a little paradise.

With this object in view, they procured four others, adventurers like themselves, and purchased a whale-boat, with all other things requisite for such an undertaking; they then freighted a vessel, called the Valparaiso, commanded by a Dane named L—s—n, for the purpose of carrying them to their destination. When off the island it fell calm, but being anxious to get on shore, they left the vessel in order to prepare for the reception of the venture which was to stock their little kingdom, the captain promising to land every thing as soon as he was close enough in. Poor, unsuspecting fellows! how little did they dream of the disasters which awaited them. It may easily be imagined, the golden prospects they pictured to their imaginations on first landing in those dominions, of which they were the sole possessors, and the light hearts with which they prepared to fix out a spot for the reception of their goods, being their all in the world. After working like horses all the day, they lay down to rest under the canopy of

heaven, trusting to rise with the sun and renew their labours. The day dawned,—and the sun rose—with it a fine breeze—but no vessel.—No Valparaiso was in sight. Scarcely believing what they saw, nor daring to utter what they felt, they ran to the highest hills in the different parts of the island in hopes of seeing her; but in vain did they stretch their longing eyes to catch a glimpse of all their hopes. She was gone!—Nothing was to be seen round the boundless horizon. Sea and sky was all that met their view. The vessel was gone, and with her all their prospects and golden dreams vanished.

In this forlorn situation, a consultation was held as to what should be done, when it was decided that one brother, with the crew, should take the boat and cross over to the main land, and, if possible, ascertain at Valdivia what had become of the vessel and cargo. The other brother was to remain behind to keep possession of the island, and the few things they had landed. George embarked with the crew, leaving John

on the island; trusting that Providence might protect them, they put to sea in their open boat, and reached Valdivia in safety, a distance of about thirty-five miles, where they soon learnt that the Dane had landed, and spread a report of not being able to reach Mocha, that he had sold all their property, and gone in the vessel they knew not where—this was a death-blow to all their prospects. Nothing now remained for poor George but to convey this mournful intelligence back to his brother, whom it may be supposed was most anxiously awaiting the result of his mission, independent of anxiety for his personal safety.

They embarked again in their little boat, and with most sorrowful hearts put out to sea, in order to return to their solitary island: they had not been many hours launched upon the deep when the clouds began to lour, and the sea to rise in troubled motion, which showed every indication of a coming storm; the wild gulls fluttered over their unprotected heads, and screaming with affright, seemed to confirm what their

hearts foreboded—that the gale was near them. Fierce lightning began to play about the blackened horizon, and the distant thunder roared sullenly amidst the gathering clouds, seeming to warn them not to proceed further. To fly was now their only chance for safety: they turned their little bark, in hopes of escaping—but the cold wind reached them,*

> It came resistless, and with foaming sweep,
> Upturned the whitening surface of the deep,
> And swift, and fatal as the lightning's course,
> Thro' the torn main-sail burst with thund'ring force.

The fury of the elements had overtaken them, they scudded like the wind, till the raging storm tore away her mast:—thunder, lightning, sea and gale now came upon them, with redoubled force. Their mast gone, she became unmanageable; a sea struck her, when she broached to

* When a ship is overtaken in a squall, the wind from it generally blows very cold.

and filled; another, and she foundered. Vain were their struggles and cries for help, the waters closed around them, and in sight of Valdivia, every soul perished.

Poor George Roberton, thy sorrows are over; but alas! where is thy brother? what is he doing? where are his thoughts? Anxiously, most anxiously awaiting thy arrival. "Let L—s—n read this and tremble." The situation of John Roberton on the island may be more easily imagined than described; day after day rolled on, and week after week; month succeeded month, yet no brother appeared; wandering up and down the island, straining his longing eyes towards the horizon, picturing every speck a sail to his bewildered imagination, thoughts would intrude on his mind that harrowed up his soul, and increased his anxiety almost to frenzy, till he was reduced to that state of mind, by his own account, that death would have been a release to him. At last, while sitting at his daily station, the pinnacle of a rock, absorbed in gloomy me-

lancholy, a sail appeared! Nearer and nearer she came—she stood direct for the anchorage—a boat left her, and landed. Thank heaven! (he cried,) it must be my brother, returned with all our lost property. Breathless with anxiety he flew down to the beach; but picture his dismay, when instead of finding his brother as he fondly anticipated, he fell into the hands of a gang of pirates—robbers—and murderers. "Read on, L—s—n, read what thou hast been the cause of!" They plundered him, stripped him, and made him a prisoner. Thus, in the space of one short quarter of an hour was this poor man, from being elated with the prospects of embracing his brother, recovering all his lost property, and conceiving himself restored to all that could make him happy, doomed to hear of his brother's death, his property irretrievably lost, all his hopes on earth blighted, himself stripped and plundered of all that remained, and a prisoner, loaded with chains on board a pirate. So far are the circumstantial facts of the history of

these two unfortunate brothers. Shortly afterwards, John found means of making his escape, and is now a wanderer in Chili, said, from his misfortunes, to have given himself up to drinking, and almost to despair, which has brought on temporary derangement, and which at times during his fits of madness is dreadful. His only wish appears to be revenge—deep and dire revenge upon the author of his misfortunes. Poor fellow! may the Lord have mercy upon him, and save him from committing the horrid crime which he meditates. Revenge will come in time, for—"I will revenge saith the Lord."

On the *2d December* we had a heavy gale of wind from the southward, with a very high sea running. It increased with such violence as to compel us to lay to under a close-reefed storm-staysail. The Pacific was now certainly changed to a most terrific appearance. The little schooner mounted upon the waves and laboured at the storm, seeming to be distressed at not being able to proceed on her voyage. Every

plunge she gave sent the bowsprit and main-boom alternately under water. Still she shewed all the virtues of a beautiful little sea-boat, now mounting up aloft, then plunging into the abyss below;

> Now launching headlong from the horrid vale,
> She hears no more the roaring of the gale;
> Till up the dreadful height again she flies,
> Trembling beneath the current of the skies.

One sea struck her which smashed in the sky-light, and, rushing down into the cabin, discharged its whole contents into my bed-place, setting the bed, bedding, and every thing else floating about in all directions. The hatches were now fastened down, and all below was total darkness. On deck, the seas were making a clear breach over her, and to hold on was the principal look out of every one on board. To stand or walk was impossible; so all we could do was to sit upon deck, lash a rope round our bodies, and get quietly wet through to the skin. During

the night the gale increased. Not a soul on board could sleep from the fury of the storm and violent heaving of the vessel. Most of us passed the night on deck without moving from the spot where we had lashed ourselves for the space of twelve hours:

> No season this from duty to descend,
> All hands on deck the eventful hour attend.

Towards daylight next morning the gale abated a little, and we bore up, but increasing at night, we were compelled again to lay to, and experienced the same misery as before. On the *4th*, (being near the land,) we were afraid to bear up till we got our observation at noon, which proving satisfactory, we made sail, and soon came in sight of it, but while running along, with a fresh gale, at the rate of nine knots an hour, to our astonishment and mortification, (fully expecting to get in, being within seven miles of the shore,) it almost instantaneously fell calm, with a heavy ground-swell setting us directly for the rocks,

which placed us in a very dangerous situation, as we were fast driving upon them, but fortunately about eight o'clock the wind came on again with a thick fog, which increased to a gale more violent than ever, so that we were compelled to stand out once more, and lay to with our head off shore. This night proved worse than all; and most miserable and wet did we pass it.

The whole of the next day (the 5*th*,) till noon, was a thick fog, so that we could not run; after that time, the sun cheered us with its presence, and the fog clearing away, we found the land close under our lee. We instantly made all sail, and ran into the bay of Valparaiso, absolutely on our beam ends, much to the astonishment of hundreds of people, who were looking at us rounding the point, which, after clearing, strange as it may appear, when inside the bay, (owing to its being so entirely sheltered by high mountains,) it was a dead calm.

About noon we anchored, making a long and disagreeable passage of twenty-five days: the

thermometer at sea this day stood at 50° ½, in Valparaiso Bay it rose up to 75° in the shade.

Slight directions for running into Valparaiso Bay.

To enter Valparaiso from the month of August till April, it is most advisable to make the land to the southward of the port. The first thing to make sure of, is the latitude, as any marks are difficult to distinguish, even by persons who are well acquainted with the port, the mountains assuming so many different forms from their different bearings. The White Rock is easily known, standing prominent from the beach, about fifteen miles to the southward of Corramilla Point. This last has some high peaked rocks off it, and is itself of a round hillock-like form. On rounding it, Valparaiso Point is easily distinguished to the E. N. E. all clear, only a rock above water, which will be seen on rounding into the bay, where the ship-

ping will point out a berth. In the three winter months, which are May, June, and July, or any time when abreast of the bay to the westward, it may be known at a distance by bringing the high bell-shaped mountain of Quillota to bear E. half N. by compass, which will lead direct in for the bay. The water is deep to the beach all round, and no danger but what I have mentioned.

At Valparaiso, I was in hopes of finding a fellow-traveller to cross the Cordillera; and was informed that a Captain G. of the Navy was at Santiago, only waiting for a companion, having delayed his journey on account of a report being in circulation that the Pampas were infested with monteneros. This I had not before heard, therefore, was anxious to see him as soon as possible: so, after arranging my affairs, I left Valparaiso on the *8th December*. A friend accompanied me as far as Casa Blanca, a distance of twelve leagues, where we got very good entertainment, it being a most excellent

house. I was rather astonished to find, stuck up on a board before one or two houses on the road, "Ale and porter sold here." It served to remind me, that it must be pretty well frequented by my own countrymen. Next morning at daylight, my friend and I took a cup of coffee together and separated, he for Valparaiso, and I for the capital of Chili. Being now left entirely alone, I began to reflect on the state of the Pampas; and, if I should miss Captain G. what was to be done? However, there was no alternative; Indians, or no Indians, monteneros or not—go, I must. So, I pushed on to overtake my peon, whom I had sent forward with my luggage, and about noon arrived at Bustamente, a house of refreshment, where I had the finest asado of mutton I ever tasted. After taking my siesta, I proceeded on again at three, and soon arrived at the second cuesta,* which took us an hour and a quarter to ascend. On arriving at the top, it blew a gale

* Cuestá signifies, a steep ascent.

of wind, accompanied with rain, from whence we had a view of the Andes, enveloped in black clouds, where, it was very evident, there was a severe temporal, or Snow storm.

To look down these cuestas when at the top, is a most beautiful sight; the height, I should imagine to be about one thousand feet; and the whole way up are beautiful zig-zag paths, each about two hundred feet in length; so that you may look down and count fifteen or sixteen of them at a time. While I was enjoying this view, a troop of mules were ascending, and another descending: they amounted in all to about three hundred; as they met, it was beautiful to see the peons keeping their own troops separate from each other; for viewing them from the height above, they appeared to be running in all directions; and when separated, it was impossible to tell whether they were coming up or going down, for they were all in contrary directions, according to the zig-zag paths they had taken. Night overtook us, and it turned out dark and rainy: my peon entertained me with

tales of ladrones or thieves, that were always, (he said,) very numerous thereabouts. He did it, no doubt, to amuse me, but certainly might as well have dispensed with them on such a dark and dreary road. He was continually cautioning me to keep my pistols in readiness, and kept as close to my side as he conveniently could. On entering the city of Santiago, it was so dark, that I could not absolutely see my horse's head; and as it was raining hard, some of the stones had been taken up to let the water run off. Those who have been at Santiago, know well the danger of these places; into one of them my horse fell, and coming right on his broad-side, with my left leg under him, I verily thought it was broken, for the animal struck his head against the wall of a house, and so did I, which stunned me for the moment; but on recovering myself, I found that I had received no further damage than a sprained ancle and broken spur. At ten I arrived in Santiago, where I was kindly received by Mr. Cameron; here I heard of

the unsettled state of the Pampas, and that Captain G., to whom I was introduced, had taken his passage for Rio Janeiro, in a French man of war; Colonel Tupper and Mr. Caldcleugh, informed me that it would be dangerous to cross at the present time, for the montenero's had been committing great depredations, so much so, that two hundred troops had been sent from Mendoza to scour the country. In this state of things I was in a very awkward predicament; time being of the greatest importance to me, any detention would have been of the most serious consequence. I therefore made up my mind to cross the Cordillera and learn at Mendoza, whether it was possible to proceed or not; if not, to recross the Andes again immediately, when I might arrive at Valparaiso time enough for the first English man-of-war, that was to sail, about the *12th* of *January*; so accordingly I commenced making every necessary preparation for my journey.

During my short stay in Chili, I found the

climate very oppressive; there is a peculiar dryness in the atmosphere which prevents a free perspiration, rendering the skin parched and dry, which occasions restless nights, loss of appetite, and depression of spirits; and although it is not reckoned an unhealthy place to live in, yet it is particularly requisite to be guarded over the constitution, and not indulge too freely in the pleasures of the table. It is impossible to drink strong wine without sensibly feeling its effects, and spirits taken in that country to any excess, may be truly called "poison to the soul." God help the man that takes to drinking spirits in such a climate! However small the quantity he may commence with, it will be sure to gain upon him from habit; every succeeding glass will require an additional stimulus, till at last the system becomes so enervated, that he finds it impossible to do without it; a train of awful consequences follow, till hypochondriasis is the consequence: the fatal delusion is then indulged in,

which only aggravates the malady and brings on a train of nervous symptoms, which usually terminate in madness, and in many instances, suicide. This is a woeful picture, but nevertheless a true one—many melancholy instances of this sort have been witnessed in Chili, Valparaiso, and Buenos Ayres, and occured to parties who were highly respectable. When last at Buenos Ayres, two English gentlemen came under my own observation, labouring under temporary derangement occasioned by drinking, which pernicious vice they had indulged in because their affairs in business turned out unfortunate. I also saw an instance of attempted suicide while at Valparaiso. I can safely say, that never have I seen the pernicious effects of drinking spirits, more awfully visited than at these places. What may be the cause of it I will leave for those more competent than myself, to judge. A writer on Buenos Ayres says, "it has often been observed that we feel the effects of free

drinking here, more than in England; I have experienced this more than once, and thought it peculiar to myself, till others complained of the same."*

* Five Years Residence in Buenos Ayres, by an Englishman.

CHAPTER IX.

Leave Santiago—Bad road—Arrive at Santa Rosa—Drunken Courier—Lay in Provisions for the Cordillera—Leave Santa Rosa—Enter the Andes—Remarks on Travellers—First Night in the Andes—Description of El Alto del Soldado—La Guardia de los Hornillos—Second Night in the Andes—Ascent of the Cuesta de Concual—Ascent of the Cumbre—View from the summit of the Cumbre—Descent of the Cumbre—Method of Crossing rapid Rivers—Lose two Mules in a River—Description of the Inca's Bridge—Description of the Cordillera Lions—Third Night in the Andes.

December, 7th. Having engaged the courier and a trusty Peon, I left Santiago very early in the morning, accompanied out of the town by my friends Messrs. Cameron and Smith, who shortly after, wishing me a prosperous journey, left me solitary and alone, once more to cross

the wild regions of the Andes. I must say that I felt the dreariness of my situation in not having a companion to speak to; but as I have before observed, I had no alternative: duty, and not inclination prompted me to undertake such a perilous journey: for where is the man that would choose to travel across the wild Pampas and Cordillera of the Andes, without a friend or companion to cheer him on his solitary journey. Therefore I do not wish to claim a merit for undertaking that which I could not possibly avoid.

The road from Santiago is most miserable, no refreshment of any sort whatever can be procured: travelling on with my peon as far as Colina,* I waited till the courier came up, whom I found was quite drunk. A pretty fellow this, thought I, to trust myself with over the Cordillera. At noon. I stopt from the heat of a burning sun at a most miserable rancho, where I had an asado of mutton without bread or salt. A wide difference, again thought I; from the excellent fare to be had on the

* A miserable village consisting of only a few mud huts.

road from Valparaiso to Santiago. I proceeded on again at one, with the thermometer standing at 90°, and soon came to the cuesta of Chacabuca, which took us an hour to ascend. On arriving at the top, the plain of Santa Rosa opens with a very fine view, descending into which, and travelling on a tolerable good road, I arrived at the village of Santa Rosa at half past seven, thus riding twenty-five leagues * on the same horse without drawing the bit. What would people in England say to this?

Santa Rosa is a small village situated at the foot of the Andes, where it is customary to stop, in order to prepare and lay in every thing that is requisite previous to entering the Cordillera. There is no fonda or inn at the place, so that I was from necessity compelled to put up at the house of the courier, who proved to be a very worthless fellow; however, having a very good peon and understanding myself pretty well what was required for such a journey, I did not

* These leagues were very short.

need his assistance; it only serves to prove what I have before stated, how necessary it is to be very particular in engaging these men, for had I not had a very good peon, and known myself what was requisite, I might have been half starved in the Cordillera for all he cared about it.

The next day was occupied in making preparations for entering the Cordillera, such as laying in chaqui, bread, maté, sugar, onions, &c. &c. all which articles may be procured at this place; I had a sheep killed and put on the top of the cargo, preferring fresh meat as long as possible to dried chaqui. About four in the afternoon, after the heat of the day was gone off, the mules were brought out and loaded; picking out the best from amongst a very bad set, and having every thing ready to start, on looking for the courier I found him again drunk, and not at all prepared. I now strongly suspected that he had no intention of going, and told him I should write to my friends at Santiago, who would represent his conduct to the governor, which

might probably lead to the loss of his situation as a government courier, which he was: on this he brushed up, and started with me. His house being at the extreme end of the village, we soon commenced our ascent by the side of the river Aconcagua, which was tearing down the mountains with amazing velocity, sweeping rocks, stones, and every thing before it. On coming to the first bridge, we found it washed away; proceeding on about a league further, crossed over the second bridge, where I should say, the river was running through, at the rate of ten knots per hour, a great difference from the last time I crossed it, when I passed through the river itself; but, at that time the snow (being in the depth of winter) had not began to melt.

We continued our course by the side of it, until dark came on, and then put up at a miserable rancho on its banks; here I missed the courier, and found that an old man was going instead of the one I had engaged; and that I was put under the charge of a boy. This proceeded from the evil

of paying all that was due to him before starting, and which is a very bad plan. I would strongly advise travellers never to pay them more than one half, agreeing to pay the other half on arriving at their journey's end; which is the usual method of paying them, and was according to my agreement, but he plagued me so much, and I, never suspecting his intention was to leave me, paid him the whole. However, I got on very well with the boy, and it has served as a lesson for me, how to treat with them in future. The next morning, the *19th*, we were up by daylight; the peons were in search of the stray mules, and I took my maté, while flocks of parrots were screaming high over my head: as the sun rose, and reflected its rays on the enormous mountains around us, some of whose summits were here and there tipt with snow, our situation reminded me of the view which a certain traveller gives of Villavicencia; but he acknowledges that his views were taken from memory. Certainly, in this instance, his me-

mory must have been very treacherous, more particularly about the "Inca's Bridge;" for he gives a view of two casuchas as being seen from it, whereas it is impossible to see one. The temperature of the warm springs, were also given from memory or guess, which happened to be only about thirty degrees from the mark. But my object is not to criticise any traveller, otherwise, I should have enough to fill a volume on those who have already written on South America—this is merely a journal of facts, written on the spot at the time, with the various feelings which I at the moment possessed; but when I see views given which never existed, dangers described which are all imaginary, and circumstances set down that would lead any traveller astray, I cannot help here and there making a cursory remark upon them. For instance, one traveller in his journal, describes his first sight of the Andes as follows: it must be recollected, he was at this time one hundred and seventy miles off. "We were gratified on the 7*th*

April, by our first sight of the Cordillera of the Andes. Nobody can imagine the effect the view of this stupendous barrier of mountains produces on the traveller. I discovered it quite by accident; for, while the peons went for horses, our time was spent in rambling in the neighbourhood. At last, my eye was caught by what appeared, on a transient glance, to be stationary white pillars of clouds. However, having been practised a little at sea in looking out for land, I thought that there was a resemblance to it; and the intervening mists clearing away, a spectacle was presented which I shall never forget. The enormous mountains were entirely covered with snow, and rose to such a height, that *we were obliged to strain our necks back to look up at them.* They seemed to belong to a different world, their heads only being seen, for the sky was perfectly bright above, while the horizon was somewhat obscured. We were at this time certainly not less than one hundred and seventy miles from the Cumbre, or summit

of the Cordillera; and I have heard travellers assert, that it may even be seen from San Louis, in very clear weather." This is a description of the first sight of the Andes, at a distance of one hundred and seventy miles. Now, would any one have imagined, that at such a distance, a man would be obliged to "strain back his neck," to get sight of an altitude of about fourteen thousand feet? I will only ask this gentleman, what he did to get sight of the Cumbre, when he was in the valley of Uspallata; after he had travelled upwards of one hundred miles towards it, and was then only sixty-nine miles from it? Where must his head have been at that time? what must the angle then have been?

In speaking of crossing the Laderas: I must observe that the danger of these passes are much exaggerated by all travellers that I have read; it is really absurd, for there is no danger whatever, excepting, as I have before observed, a recent fall has taken place, and no path left; or when they are co-

vered with snow, as was the case when I crossed in the winter, but on my return in the summer, I would have gone full gallop over them all, if the ascent would admit of that pace.

Another traveller speaks, when crossing the Pampas, of having horse's skulls for seats, horse's skulls for pillows, &c. I must say that I never met any thing of this sort; for I never even saw one, during my two journies across, except at Villavicencia, where there were two in the wretched hovel of a shed, which served the purpose of a kitchen. I feel assured these travellers have no intention of leading any one astray by their remarks, but many persons are apt to be influenced by them, and might picture to themselves the horrid dangers, and savage country they have to travel through; whereas very little is to be dreaded, and I only wish many parts of England were as civilized and safe to travel through as the Pampas."*

* Of course the Pampas are subject to the incursions of the

By six o'clock we were on the move, thermometer 52°. Our ascent commenced very rapidly; we passed many beautiful waterfalls, skipping and leaping down the mountains from an enormous height, and fell in with many mules from Mendoza, which showed an animated scene, widely different from when I crossed before. After crossing over a bridge made of the trunks of trees, we opened the "Alto del Soldado, or Soldier's Leap," spoken of in the former part of my journal. Having an opportunity this time, I was determined to inspect it; the gap is most extraordinary, at least twenty feet wide, but the edges are so ragged that it is impossible to get close to them on either side, and a torrent was foaming through it; the gap almost closes at the end, making a distance of a hundred yards or more in length. At this distance it becomes a mere rent in the

Indians and Monteneros at all times; these a traveller can never guard against, and must always run the chance of; but at other times they may be travelled with much greater security than the same distance in England.

earth, and the water rushes from underneath, passing through a subterraneous passage, so that when a person is standing at the bottom of the gap, it appears about eight hundred feet high, and has a singular and wonderful appearance, but to leap it, is not in human power to accomplish; the deserter might have gone round it and hid himself amongst the rocks, and his pursuers might also have been under the idea that he had leaped over, for without following the gap up very closely, it is so rugged that you cannot perceive that it is at all passable by any other method.

'On leaving this gap, we shortly arrived at the Guardia, which, on my crossing before, was deserted. It was now inhabited, and the walls all built, running a great height up the mountains on each side, so that nothing could enter into, or come out of the Cordillera without passing it, being the only pass in the range of the Andes, from Uspallata to Chili. At this place I presented my passport, and had my luggage searched very narrowly; they found one packet of

unfranked letters, for which I had to pay postage, besides bribery to the amount of seventeen dollars, and with much difficulty evaded being sent back to Chili, for they are extremely particular with respect to letters not being regularly franked. It was very fortunate they did not find all I had; if so, I should have got into a pretty hobble, but having a velice purposely made for my dispatches, and that being behind my saddle on the back of my mule, they never thought of looking into it, where I had at least fifty more. However, it will be a lesson for me how to oblige my friends another time.

After taking some slight refreshment, and a siesta under the shade of a rock, I proceeded on at three, and soon entered into scenery that was entirely new to me; for within two miles of this place, when I passed before, it was all covered with snow, so that the face of things was entirely changed. I could not but feel a peculiar sensation on witnessing the terrible places we must have passed over. What before appear-

ed so awfully dangerous, was now transformed to beautiful evergreen shrubs, with little elegant mountain flowers peeping out from between the rocks and stones; and being mounted, instead of the labour of walking, rendered the contrast peculiarly striking and interesting to me. All awful appearances being gone, I could not but look round with feelings of the purest delight and gratitude.

Shortly after, passed the casucha Ojo del Agua, then turning to the left, crossed a furious torrent which discharges itself into the Aconcagua. The night being fine, we put up under the lee of some rocks, surrounded by the lofty high mountains of the Cordillera, whose extreme summits were still partly covered with snow; the weather was mild and pleasant, thermometer standing at 58°.

The mules were turned adrift as usual, to graze on the few surrounding shrubs which were here very scanty, and the peons proceeded to make a fire in order to prepare some supper; the boy and I employed ourselves fetching water

from the foaming torrent, which kept up a noise like thunder during the night, from sweeping fragments of rocks and stones before it. Before retiring to rest, and while taking a comfortable *tin pot full of punch*, my peon and the courier amused me by relating the horrors of the past winter. Among other things, they told me, that two Englishmen, and fourteen peons were nearly lost in a snow storm; that all their provisions had failed them, and that they arrived at the Guardia nearly starved. On enquiring the name of the arriero, and who the English gentlemen were, I found that it was Mr. Cochran and myself. So much again for the truth of reports! It pleased God to preserve us in the storm; but we arrived at the Guardia with provisions enough to serve us another week, in case of such an emergency.

Thursday, December 20th, we were up at four, and the peons in search of the mules that had strayed far up among the mountains, which prevented our starting till six. Thermometer standing at 56°, with a beautiful fine morning.

Immediately commenced ascending the Cuesta de Concual, which was the terrific descent I came down with so much difficulty in the winter, and truly astonished was I now to look at it. A foaming torrent was rushing down the very spot where we had descended. Our path now lay by the side of it, passing up in a zig-zag direction round the mountain, which was here and there still obstructed by a few small patches of snow. As we ascended, the thermometer fell to 48° in the shade. On arriving at the top, the Laguna del Inca opened on our left, which I had not before seen, on account of its being frozen over and covered with snow. On terminating another steep ascent, which I had before slid down, we arrived at the casucha de Calaveras, situated at the foot of the Cumbre. On my last crossing the Cordillera, I slept at this casucha, where lay the bales of goods that had been deserted; it was then surrounded by a wall of snow eight feet high, but at this time all was clear. Immediately on leaving the casucha the ascent of the Cumbre commences,

for which we accordingly prepared, such as arranging the cargoes, girthing the mules afresh, and last, not least, taking a crust of bread, and a little brandy and water by way of stimulus, for it was rather cold. We trotted on very merrily, passing through many patches of snow, and small torrents running down the mountain, but not such as to inconvenience us, or cause us to dismount. On arriving half way up, and coming to a small flat, which serves as a resting-place, we perceived a troop of mules descending, which detained us some time, as we were obliged to wait until they passed us. The snow still lay in deep ruts, and we were surrounded by high snow-capped mountains in all directions. It was a novel and beautiful sight to look up at the mules defiling down the various zig-zag paths from such an awful height, appearing like so many sheep. As they approached the different patches of snow, that lay in their paths, the peons made a great noise to encourage them over, which was echoed back

in solemn repetitions by the huge and awful mountains around us; then vibrating and dying away in the distant vallies, it left upon the mind of the traveller, a strong impression of his solitary and dreary situation. After waiting till the troop of mules passed us, we commenced ascending again, and soon came to tracks of snow, so deep that the mules were, at times, entirely hid in them, and being very narrow we were obliged to throw our legs forward over the front of the saddle. The sun shone bright on the glittering snow, which made it very unpleasant to the eyes. As we advanced my astonishment increased, on beholding the places where I had previously descended. At ten arrived at the casucha on the Cumbre, which stands a little to the left of the summit, coming from the Mendoza side. I observed the tracks, where in the winter, I had descended from the summit; they were still plainly visible, and far away from any tracks near the Casucha, for we did not go to it, but commenced our descent

immediately. It appeared to me that not a soul had been there but ourselves, and I could not but picture to myself the difference of my feelings at that time, and the present moment. Here I stood observing the mules as they came up; first, a man's head would appear like a little black spot rising up from the glittering snow, which had a most singular and beautiful appearance, while looking down upon it; like thousands, or fields of crystals, in the form of sugar loaves, showing various prismatic colours sparkling in the glaring sun; in the midst of these would rise up a mule's head, and by degrees the whole came up, travelling, as it were, amidst sparkling diamonds: we arrived at the summit at half past ten, making an ascent, I should say, of at least five thousand feet since six o'clock.

From the casucha, I walked up to the summit purposely to try the effect of the puna again, but felt nothing of it; thermometer stood at 38° at top in the shade, in the sun 89°.

I now ascended the highest rock I could get

at, and looked down upon the little casucha on the Mendoza side. What an awful height, and wonderful appearance! Strange to say, there was not a spot of snow the whole way down: whereas the Chili side was almost all snow; the rocks and mountains were also of a different appearance, composed of red granite and loose stones, but very barren, resembling the burnt ashes of a furnace, the river was foaming beneath, and had all the appearance of brick-dust and water, while again on the Chili side (comparatively speaking) the torrents were clear. I must have been at this time looking down a giddy height of at least three thousand feet; here I picked up a few stones as a memento for my friends in England, and drank their healths in some brandy and water, which was all I possessed. After arranging the cargoes, fresh saddling, &c. we commenced our descent. Certainly it was a giddy height to look down. I preferred walking, having from necessity done so in the winter, I wished also to do it in summer; not only to ascertain whether the exertion

would affect my breathing, but to prove how very easily such things may be accomplished, and also, because I differ in opinion with many other travellers respecting the great dependence to be placed on the mules, for I would never trust one where there was any dangerous descent; in the torrents, certainly they are wonderful animals, but for descending, give me my own legs, for I would much sooner trust to them; however, at the Cumbre, there is not the slightest danger, for the substance is so loose, that if a man were to slip, excepting he absolutely tumbled head over heels, it would be impossible for him to go very far. I half ran, half walked, the whole way down, arriving at the bottom about a quarter past eleven, where the thermometer stood at 80°, making a difference in the temperature of 30° in half an hour. My readers may recollect my description of ascending the Cumbre in the winter, when the whole Cordillera was blocked up with snow, and we were obliged to desert our mules at the Punta las Vacas, but not until we

had lost three of them, and they could proceed no further. I will now quote an extract from a traveller, because it made a serious impression on me before I entered the Cordillera of the Andes; and had I not been myself an old traveller, I do not hesitate in saying that it might have influenced me in proceeding further. I shall therefore make no remarks upon it, but merely quote it from his own work, wherein he says: "We soon began to ascend that part of the Cordillera called the Cumbre, or summit of the ridge; and shortly the ground became so steep, and, owing to a crust of frozen snow, so slippery, that our surprise was great, when we saw that our mules could carry us and our heavy loads along it: a brow, where, had we attempted, *not only to walk, but even to stand on our feet, we must instantly have slipped and rolled down, like snow-balls, the distance of above a mile.* Our Peruvian fellow-traveller, who rode immediately behind me, was from time to time exclaiming, 'Ave Maria, qual camino!' and I, fearing lest

his ejaculations *should vibrate the atmosphere too much, and my mule out of its balance,* was holding on it, as if *an ounce more only* thrown over the right or left side, should make us both roll down to a death, which we are apt to contemplate differently, or to talk more freely of, when our passions are stirring within, and warming us, than when they and our body become chilled by an icy wind, and scenery."* Proceeding onward, with a gradual descent, we were joined by a troop of ten mules, loaded with merchandize, and going to Mendoza; we soon arrived at the Rio de las Cuevas, which was running down most furiously, and the stones rolling underneath, made it extremely dangerous to cross. I must observe, that all the rivers on the Mendoza side were much more rapid and dangerous to cross than those on the Chili side, for there are none of any consequence in Chili, excepting the Aconcagua, which is rendered passable by bridges here and there thrown across. It

* Schmidtmeyer's Travels into Chili, &c. page 123.

certainly reflects great discredit on the province of Mendoza, not fitting bridges to these very dangerous rivers, for it might be done at a very trifling expence; and the duties which are levied on all goods passing in and out of the Cordillera would amply repay it, and be the means of saving many lives, and much property, which is yearly lost on the first opening of the Cordillera.

The velocity with which the water comes down when the snow melts in the mountains, is beyond all conception. I was here informed, that the first troop of mules crossed the Cordillera on the 15*th* of *December*. I entered it on the 18*th*. In order to cross the rivers, we were obliged to have lassoes made fast round our bodies, for fear of the mules losing their footing from the rolling stones: a man first crossed over with one lasso, when on arriving at the opposite shore, he held it fast while all the others crossed with two: in this manner we all succeeded in getting over. Shortly afterwards we arrived at the Rio de los

Orcones, which was terrible indeed: for being two o'clock in the day, it was very high. and at its greatest velocity. The noise of the stones rolling at the bottom, was certainly appalling, and much resembled underground thunder. I went first with the old courier, and it required our utmost exertions to keep the mules' heads up, to face the torrent, which flew past us over our knees, at the rate of ten knots per hour. I could plainly feel the mule trembling and slipping beneath me, yet straining with all his might to keep upon his legs. On the opposite shore we held the lassoes while the others crossed. Just as the boy got out of the rapid, his mule stumbled and fell; but we caught them with the lassoes before they got into the stream again. I now looked anxiously for my black mule with the cargo. He brought it over admirably, and was sent across again for the other one, with which he struggled through, but buffetted the waves with a little more difficulty. As the merchandize was coming over, one mule was swept off its legs: the torrent first whirled him

round and round, then head over heels he went, dashing against the rocks, while the peons were following him down the river, throwing their lassoes at him, strange to say, he disengaged himself of his cargo, which proved his destruction, for that appeared a greater consideration to the peons than the poor animal, it being saved, and the mule lost. To get this cargo over, now required another mule to cross the river again. Although I strongly protested against it, the poor black one was sent. I saw he was very weak, for he was nearly lost in going over light: however the load was put on, and the lassoes made fast to him; when by dint of hallooing, beating, and throwing stones, he made the attempt; but just as he got in the middle of the rapid, he was whirled round like a top, off his legs, and away he went, dragging the lassoes out of the men's hands: others were thrown at him, but to no purpose, his head went under water, and dashing from one rock to another, life appeared to be extinct in an instant, and in two minutes we lost sight of him. Poor animal! I could not

but feel for him; for it was owing to his good qualities that he lost his life.

While the peons were arranging their cargoes, and regretting the loss of their mules, I went up to visit the Inca's bridge, which was very near to where we crossed, a branch of the river Los Orcones running through it. My object was to ascertain the temperature of the hot springs—there are three hot and one cold. After crossing over the bridge, they lie a little up to the left. The two hottest were of equal temperature, 91°; the next, which is the largest, was 83°; and the cold one 66°. I took samples of 83° and 91°.* It is a very singular circumstance, that the cold spring should be between the two hottest. They are all three of the same size, about a foot or fifteen inches in diameter, and two feet deep, but not more than three feet apart from each other. The largest is about four yards distant from the rest, about two feet in diameter, and of the same depth. The whole surface of the ground where they overflow was incrustated with a mineral

* For the Analysis of this water see the Appendix.

substance, much resembling brown saltpetre. The cold spring was salter, but not so bitter to the taste as the warm ones; they were so very strong, that I should be inclined to believe a small quantity would produce vomit. No smell proceeded from the water at the springs. I regretted very much not being able to get down under the bridge, in order to ascertain what I have heard was a petrefaction. Had I not heard it asserted as such, I should have been under the impression that it was nothing more than a substance formed from the mineral water running down and incrustating itself.

The bridge is certainly a wonderfully curious and natural production, formed by a branch of the Rio de los Orcones rushing through it, which at this time was high and swollen, tearing down at the rate of ten or twelve knots. I remember a certain traveller calling it a paltry stream; but if he had been here, and seen the loss of the poor mules, and the difficulty and danger we encountered in crossing it, I think his opinion

would have been changed; although in the winter I crossed it over a natural bridge of snow; about the end of summer, that is to say, the month of April, no doubt but it might dwindle into a stream.

We now tracked the river down a little, in hopes of seeing something of the mule or cargo, but to no purpose; so giving it up as a bad job, we proceeded on our journey, and passed the casucha de Paramilla, which I looked at most wistfully, being the one in which we were blocked up during the snow-storm. The very idea of it made me shiver, although the thermometer was standing at 84°: like a frightened child, I turned away from it, and almost involuntarily quickened my pace to get up to my guide.

I was telling my guide that at the next casucha (Pujios) we might see the body of a poor peon that perished during the winter, just as I entered the Cordillera. "Si señor," said he, "mi hermano," my brother; and then he began relating to me the horrors of the story, all of which

I was as well acquainted with as himself. On coming up to the spot, he showed me a simple cross stuck in the wild rocks to his memory; by the side of it lay his baton or stick. I was astonished not to find any of his bones, when he informed me that he carried them to Uspallata in his handkerchief, and that the lions had devoured his body. We saw two of these animals to-day, which are called Cordillera Lions; they are not, strictly speaking, lions, but more a species of ounce; (felis puma;) the hinder hips are very high, and the hinder legs much longer than the fore ones, the head having more the appearance of a large cat, the colour only being that of a lion; there is no danger to be apprehended from them as I never heard of an accident happening to any one; they are very destructive to sheep and poultry, and frequently make descents into the valleys in search of prey when hunger pinches them. Shortly after this we arrived at the Rio Santa Maria, which discharges itself into the Orcones, and the Orcones into the Mendoza, or

as the natives sometimes call it, Rio Grande. It was so swollen and rapid that we thought our mules too weak to attempt crossing, so put up for the night on its banks, amongst rocks and stones, ready for crossing very early in the morning, which is always the best time, before the sun melts the snow in the mountains. This day I suffered a little in my lips from the cold on the Cumbre, and extreme change of temperature in so short a space of time. In less than three quarters of an hour from the thermometer standing at the top in the shade 38°, at the bottom in the sun it was 105°. And no place could we find to shelter ourselves, the sun being nearly vertical.

CHAPTER X.

Description of a Portable Canteen for the Cordillera, or Pampas—Rio de las Vacas—Its Dangers—Mules lost in crossing—A Man nearly lost—Fourth Night in the Andes—Arrive at Uspallata—View of the Cordillera—Fifth Night in the Andes—Villavicencia—Arrive at Mendoza—Bull Fight at Mendoza—Prepare for the Pampas—Engage the Courier—Leave Mendoza—Arrive at San Luis—Reports of Robbers—Head of a Robber stuck upon a Pole—Fall from a Wild Horse—Swarms of Locusts—Arrive at Frayle Muerto—Desmochado, millions of Mosquitos—Lose my Note Book—A Peon brings it back—Galloped Thirty-six Miles in Two Hours and a Half—Leave the Courier—Meet an English Merchant—Storm in the Pampas—Overtaken by Mr. Robertson—Proceed on together—Arrive at Buenos Ayres.

Dec. 21st, Friday. Fine morning, thermometer 64°. Shook the sand and stones from our beds and blankets, or mine rather, for I was the only person that had either, and got my old friend

the tin pot under weigh, and made myself some tea, while the mules were loading. This tin pot must not be forgotten, for it answered all purposes; sometimes a soup basin, then a tea pot, tea cup, tumbler or wine glass, punch bowl, &c.; besides serving its turn at the rivers helping all hands with water, occasionally it would be filled with farina and water, and handed round to the company, a most agreeable beverage which quenches the thirst effectually, and very much resembles oatmeal and water. Be it also known that this same tin pot, with a knife, fork, and spoon which shut up in one, and carried in my breeches pocket, was the sum total of my travelling canteen, so it may naturally be supposed that I had a particular regard for it.

Every thing being ready, we were on the move by six, and were fortunate enough to cross the river very easily. Our next and last difficulty, we were informed, would be the Rio de las Vacas, which in truth was a difficulty, being the worst in the Cordillera. We very soon came to it, and in

there was a scene that truly astonished me. On each side of the river were about two hundred mules, their cargoes lying scattered in all directions; some of them had been detained on its banks for three days, and were likely to remain as many more. The river was certainly awful; many mules and two men had already been lost. There were people employed building a bridge across it, and a temporary machine was erected for the purpose of carrying over the men and cargoes, but those who first got possession of it retained it until they had worked over all their cargo. It was constructed as follows:—two posts were firmly erected on each side the river directly opposite to each other, two ropes of hide were then carried across and made fast by way of banisters; on these two ropes, which were fastened to the posts, was a piece of wicker-work much resembling the top of a basket; this was made to traverse backwards and forwards by having a ring at each corner, through which the ropes were rove; a leading line was then made fast

to a mule on the opposite side, and when the man or cargo were in the cradle, the mule gal-loped up the opposite bank and dragged them over. It was rather a frail thing to trust to, for when the weight came to the centre the hide rope stretched and nearly touched the water, and with the slightest cant, without holding firmly on, you might be thrown into the river, when nothing could save you from being drowned should you fall in the centre.

The man who now occupied this machine was a surly fellow; he knew I must cross, and when he saw my anxiety, from first asking only two dollars, he increased his demand to eight; see-ing there was no alternative, I paid it to him without putting my pistol to his front tooth, as a certain traveller did on almost a similar occa-sion, for I espied a long knife stuck in his belt, and his countenance seemed to indicate that he would not hesitate in making use of it; besides, good an opinion as I have of these people, I know, that when they are once irritated, they have no

command over themselves, therefore I thought it most prudent not to run the chance of it, or of waiting two days on the banks of the river, if he chose to be obstinate. It appeared almost a judgment upon him, for the first cargo he put in the cradle after passing over myself and party, the machine canted, and in spite of twenty or thirty lassoes, the cargo was lost.

A troop of light mules were now driven in the river, my guide told me to be on the look out. About thirty men lined themselves along the banks of the river with lassoes in their hands, and such a scene I never beheld: the noise and confusion to get them in, the tumbling and struggling against the velocity of the current; the lassoes flying in all directions at the mules that were whirled off their legs, some rolled head over heels, others dashed against the rocks till life was nearly extinct, then down the stream they went, and the water was dyed with their blood in all directions.

I am afraid to say how many were lost, I

should imagine at least five or six, besides others hauled to the shore lacerated most dreadfully; really it was a most distressing sight, and did not end here, for a line was wanted to be led across, further up the river, in order to pass over more mules; an elderly man came quite naked, on a fine tall horse, and appeared to scorn making the lasso fast round his body, being so well mounted, so he carried it in his hand against the persuasion of every body around. The horse plunged nobly into the foaming torrent and was almost instantaneously swept off his legs: man and horse rolled for a moment over together, when in an instant no less than three lassoes were round the man's neck. Incredible as it may appear, being afraid to pull, the peons slacked them and he canted heels up, when, with astonishing precision two more caught him, and he was dragged to the shore almost lifeless, but with a terrible cut in the leg, the horse was also lassoed and dragged to the shore without receiving any apparent injury; although the man lay on the rocks

without signs of life in him, it appeared to be only a source of amusement to the peons.

We were detained at this river five hours, when we proceeded on, following by the side of it, till it empties itself into the Mendoza. The difference to me now was, that I was travelling above, whereas, before, I passed in the bed of the river.

At five leagues distance from Las Vacas, came to the Ladera de la Pulvidera; for an account of which, in the winter, see my journal. The difference now was very great having a good path to pass. The height to look up was certainly awful. Immediately on descending this Ladera, we struck into a branch of the Mendoza, which ran deep and close up to the side of the mountain itself, so that we were obliged to pass in the river with some difficulty, and presently arrived at the Ladera de la Cortidera which was very good, having been well repaired and all the broken places filled up with stones, in fact two mules could pass abreast with ease. The next river was the Pichauca, so

named by the Indians; this we crossed close under a high fall of water, which made a terrible roaring noise from large pieces of rock and stones falling with it, but the danger was not so great as it appeared. Being overtaken by dark, we had to cross several small torrents, which was not very pleasant, and at 9. 30. P. M. put up for the night by the side of the Rio de los Ranchillos: our object was to be in readiness for crossing early in the morning. Here I had my bed made amongst stones and bushes, as usual: we had very much lightning and a heavy dew during the night; but from the fatigues of the day, and some hot punch out of my old tin pot, I was soon lulled to sleep by the roaring of the river.

Saturday, December 22d. From the heavy dew which fell during the night I was quite wet in bed; we were moving before daylight and crossed the river very easily. As we were fast clearing the great pass of the mountains and winding down into the plain of Uspallata, we met a large party just entering the Cordillera, who anxious-

ly enquired what state the rivers were in. The courier informed them, that if the machine was not at the Rio de las Vacas, they might have to wait on its banks three or four days, for it would be impossible to pass with their cargoes: about 6.30. A. M. cleared the pass of the Cordillera, and entered the plain of Uspallata. Having here to cross the river, we found it much swollen and very broad and deep, but not running with any velocity, therefore passed it very easily, and arrived at the Guardia, from whence there is beautiful full view of the mighty Cordillera, which I have given a description of in my winter's journey; but at this time there was a vast difference in its appearance, the tops of the mountains only being covered with snow, whereas before, it all appeared one impenetrable mass. Here we rested and turned the poor mules out to graze: they had been nearly three days without any thing to eat, and showed themselves not a little delighted at their liberty and some good grass that grew about the place.

In the plain of Uspallata, stands one solitary tree, the first and only one to be seen on the Mendoza side of the Cordillera, which is seventy miles from the Cumbre; the Eastern Cordillera is extremely barren, nothing but huge mountains and rocks of red granite. The descent between these mountains being much more gradual than the Chili side, the traveller is continually looking up at the enormous heights around him; now and then a solitary condor may be seen soaring above in search of prey, or a Cordillera lion prowling along the frightful precipices, looking down with astonishment upon the pigmy travellers beneath. Save these, no other animal (but the guanaco,) of any description, is to be seen for a distance of a hundred and twenty miles in the dreary regions of the Cordillera. The officer stationed here recognized me as having passed in the winter, and I received the greatest civility from him. We remained till three o'clock in the day in order to refresh ourselves and mules: at two, the thermometer in shade stood at 90°, in

the sun 125°. At 3. 30. P. M. left Uspallata, but the heat of the day was so intolerable, (thermometer then standing at 88°,) that we travelled very slowly and were overtaken by night; after passing over several dark cuestas and numerous small torrents, we at midnight took up our abode on a very wild spot; it came on to blow hard with drizzling rain, and not being able to find any water near, we all lay down very thirsty and supperless. I was not able to sleep, on account of the heavy rain, and it blew so hard that I could not possibly keep any covering over me, so I even got up and dressed, and sat most wretchedly awaiting daylight. As soon as it dawned we were off, and got to Villavicencia by six o'clock on *Sunday, 23d,* just as the cows were being milked. I made a most excellent breakfast off bread and milk, the best I had tasted since leaving Santiago. This day proved very cloudy, which made our travelling much cooler and pleasant. Thermometer at nine stood at 64°. After leaving Villavicencia,

we met several large troops of mules entering the Cordillera. We soon after cleared the hills, and entered the wild plains of sand and brush-wood, skirting by the side of the mountains for the high road to Mendoza. Here we passed many carriages of the country, with families going to the baths near Villavicencia; about 1. 30. P. M. came to the first mud hut at the entrance of Mendoza, which is a league from the town. The road was overflowed with water the whole way: it has a mud wall on one side, with a few poplars on the other. At two arrived at Mendoza, thus crossing the Andes in five days from Santa Rosa. My first object was to enquire for Dr. Gillies, whom I was very sorry to find still in a very bad state of health: likewise Mr. G. From these gentlemen I learnt that the province of San Luis had been infested by robbers, but that the governor had sent out a party of troops and dispersed them: two had been caught and immediately shot. They had robbed a French lady and gentleman that passed

through San Luis the same day that I passed for Mendoza; we had put up at the same house together.

Finding there was no fear of the Indians, I decided upon proceeding; and wishing to travel with speed, I accordingly engaged the courier and a trusty peon, in both which instances I was singularly fortunate, for it happened to be the same courier whom I had before met on the Pampas, and who had kept company with us for three days, also the same peon had just arrived from Buenos Ayres, who had crossed with me before: of course I did not hesitate instantly to engage them both, but was obliged to pay a high price, as they were alarmed at the reports of the state of the country. On Christmas Day I took out my passport and post-house license, leaving to my peon to procure sugar, maté, &c. for the Pampas.

The governor (to whom I was obliged to go and have my passport signed) was at a bull-fight, given by three ladies of distinction at Mendoza, in honour of the day; and much did I

regret from what I witnessed, that necessity compelled me to go there likewise. In the morning there had been a man killed, yet still was this cruel and barbarous amusement carried on the whole of the day. Thousands of people were assembled together, almost all on horseback; and the fighters were in a ring formed of strong stakes, at one part of which was a door to let in the bullocks; at this time none were inside; but close to the door were three brutes in the shape of men, spearing and spiking a poor bullock, that was drawn by the horns fast down to a stake; the poor animal was roaring and bellowing with all its might, while the blood was literally spurting out from its sides. Such wanton cruelty I never in my life witnessed; it absolutely made me sick with compassion and disgust. I did not see any ladies there; but I understood that those who gave the *feast*, as it was called, made their appearance every time a bull was turned out; that was, when it was tormented to madness. Not being able to get to the

governor myself, I sent my passport to him: he was polite enough to sign it without seeing me; and I left the place heartily disgusted with such a scene of cruelty. From thence I went to the Alameda, and enjoyed the cool breeze, while taking an ice, with a magnificent view of the Andes before me, and all the beauty and fashion of Mendoza around me, alas! I could not but think how different, how widely different this sacred day would be spent in dear, dear old England. The average temperature at Mendoza during my four days' stay was, at eight, A.M. 75°; at two, P.M. 88°; at seven, P.M. 77°; in the sun, 120°. In order to judge of the difference of temperature in the Cordillera during summer and winter, I have entered my summer's journal on the same plan as the winter's, commencing from Santiago to Mendoza—

Table of the Thermometer, showing the various changes of Temperature in ascending and descending the Cordillera of the Andes, in the Summer of 1827.

Day of the Month.	8 A. M.	10 A. M.	Noon.	2 P. M.	4 P. M.	Sunset.	REMARKS AND OCCURRENCES.
1827.							
December 17th.	75°	82°	..	99°	..	75°	Left Santiago, and arrived at Santa Rosa, 25 leagues.
——— 18th.	74	79	..	86	..	72	Remained all day at Santa Rosa; left at 5 P. M.; slept in the open air.
——— 19th.	70	79	82°	..	..	58	Slept near the Ojo del Agua in the open air, 22 leagues from Santa Rosa.
——— 20th.	48	38	78	84	78°	68	Crossed the Cumbre at 10.30 a. m. Thermometer at top 38°; slept in the open air on the banks of Rio Santa Maria. Ther. in the sun at 2 P. M. 125.
——— 21st.	72	78	..	89	..	64	Slept on the banks of Rio de los Ranchillos, in the open air.
——— 22nd.	66	..	..	88	..	66	Slept in a dreary valley near Villavicencia, in the open air.
——— 23rd.	64	..	..	84	..	72	Arrived in Mendoza at 2 P. M. which is 104½ leagues from Santiago, but they are very short leagues.

By the above Table it may be seen, that there was only four degrees difference of temperature between the winter and summer, on the very summit of the Cumbre: by this I should conclude, that at the summit, there is very little variation throughout the year.

As it may be of service to any traveller crossing the Cordillera, I have given the different distances to various places, casuchas, &c. all through the Andes, commencing from Valparaiso to Mendoza.*

The courier not being despatched from the post-office till late on the 26*th*, I did not leave Mendoza till eight o'clock on the morning of the 27*th*. We very soon came to the Rio de Mendoza, running wide and deep, a quarter of a mile across. We were obliged to strip, and crossed it with guides on very tall horses, that were in attendance for the purpose: the luggage was put on the top of their backs. I crossed over in my shirt only: the courier, peon, and guides dispensed with this incumbrance, and wished me to do the same, fearing the horses might fall; but as the river was not very rapid, I knew I could trust to my swimming, in the event of being put to it. I am only astonished how the horses kept their footing, for my saddle was under water. A guide remained on each side of me to

* For this Table see the Appendix.

keep me in the proper tracks; we got over very well, and travelled on at the Pampas pace, for a distance of ninety-nine miles, until we arrived at the post of Dormida del Negro, where we put up for the night, and found a carriage here with generals La Valle and Necochea, who were on their way to Mendoza. They were polite enough to invite me to partake of their supper, which consisted of a tough boiled fowl, all that the post afforded: had it not been for this chance, I should have gone to bed supperless, after such a long ride.

Friday, 28th. Started at daylight: had a very vicious kicking horse for a long stage of ten leagues, which gave me a great deal of trouble. Stopped at the post of Corral de Cuero, from the heat of the sun, which was 120°: started again about half past four. Stopped at Desaguadero at nine, where we had a good supper, then proceeded on to Represa, where we arrived at midnight, performing one hundred and twenty-six miles this day. I was too tired to eat, drink, or undress, so lay down on my poncho, with my saddle

under my head, and slept sound till broad daylight next morning.

December 29th. Without waiting for breakfast, we started for San Luis, a distance of seven leagues, and arrived there about half-past nine: the road was bad, and the weather very sultry. I went to the same house that I last put up at, belonging to Don Joze Gil, there being no Fonda in the place. I made a hearty breakfast, then went to bed, and slept sound till the cool of the evening, and much regretted having engaged the courier, or I would have gone on without waiting for him; but, as the night turned out very rainy, and we had a tremendous thunder storm, I reconciled myself to the delay, that every thing was for the best. This day was very sultry; at eight, A.M. the thermometer stood at 80°; at two, P.M. 94° in the shade.

Sunday, 30th. Was a fine day, and much cooler. Heard a report that robbers had been seen between San Luis and the next post. I had two good brace of pistols with me, one of which I gave to my peon; and making every

preparation, we started at five, P.M. being detained till that time by the courier. The road was very bad at first starting, as we were obliged to pass along in the Rio de San Luis for some distance before opening the wild Pampas: dark came on before we entered the plains. Passed the spot where the French lady and gentleman had been robbed, and for which the two men before-mentioned were shot; one of their heads was hanging on the top of a pole; it looked rather appalling, swinging to the breeze, as the moon shed its pale light over the ghastly countenance, and was an awful sight on a wild plain, with nothing else to attract the attention: the other head was hanging at the post of Rio Quinto. I endeavoured to procure it, in order to present to Dr. Spurzheim, the celebrated phrenologist, but could not succeed, it being stuck there as an example by order of the governor of San Luis, and put under the charge of the postmaster. The countenance, which was still perfect, appeared to have been that of a very young man. Proceeded on, and arrived very late at the Morro

St. Joze, making seventy-two miles since five, P.M.

Monday, 31*st*. Started at daylight, with very bad horses; the one I had was perfectly unmanageable; I rode him twenty-one miles within an hour and three quarters. When walking him into the post of Porte Zuelo, he shyed at some bright stones, which are very peculiar thereabouts; and, as I was sitting carelessly in my saddle, thinking he was sufficiently tired, I lost my seat, when he immediately started off at full gallop, plunging and rearing with me on his neck! The consequence was, I was thrown with great violence on a projecting stone, and lay some minutes insensible, receiving a severe sprain in my hip, so that I could not walk without assistance. The post-mistress was very civil, and wished me much not to proceed till the next morning; however, this not answering my purpose, they gave me an excellent horse, when I was lifted upon him, and found that while sitting in the saddle, my leg was not so painful. In this manner I rode

the whole day, being assisted to mount and dismount, and was fortunate enough to have very good horses. This day we passed through millions of locusts; the earth being literally alive with them; as we rode along, the horses killed thousands, and the smell arising from them was abominable. Blessed England! that is clear of this pestilence. The ground was black for miles where they had gone over. We slept at Santa Barbara, performing one hundred and eleven miles this day.

Tuesday, Jan. 1st, 1828. Having horses ready, we took our maté before daybreak, and were off at daylight, wishing to perform a long journey of a hundred and twenty miles. Our object was to push to Esquena de Medrano, an excellent post, and there take a good rest. The day was oppressively hot, and we passed through swarms of mosquitos that were very troublesome; but accomplished our object, arriving at the post at three o'clock, a distance of eighty-four miles. Here we refreshed ourselves, and remained till six. The master of the post gave

us excellent horses. I had his own, which was a beautiful animal: they carried us into Frayle Muerto with ease within two hours.* On this stage I met my friend and travelling companion the Peruvian colonel. We were much surprized to meet each other on the Pampas again.

At Frayle Muerto we laid in a fresh stock of sugar, maté, bread, &c. and went on to the next post, Zanjon, making in all one hundred and twenty miles this day. Although tired and fatigued, we could not get a wink of sleep all night from being annoyed by the mosquitos.

Jan. 2nd. Started at seven, being detained for horses. Oppressively hot, all wild Pampas, not the slightest shelter, thermometer in shade 90°, sun 130°. Observed many wild deer and ostriches. At the post of Lobaton, there was a beautiful tame guanaco, the most elegant animal I ever saw in my life. At night arrived at Desmochado, making ninety-nine miles. At this post, which is a tolerably good one, we were

* Twenty-four miles.

absolutely tortured with mosquitos. I never, in my life, suffered such torment from them. I tried to sleep inside and out, smoked the room and shut the door till I was almost suffocated, but all to no purpose. Not a moment's peace could I get, so I got up and walked about the whole night. I was not singular, for the natives of the house, peons, and courier, all suffered equally alike.

Jan. 3rd. Being moonlight, started at four without breakfast. Passed through another flight of locusts. On arriving at the next post, Candalaria, found that I had left my note-book behind. This would have been a severe loss to me, so I offered twelve rials, (about six shillings stirling,) for a man to ride back for it, a distance of six leagues. The courier went on, while I waited with my peon till the man's return: he was only two hours and a half going there and back, a distance of thirty-six miles, and was highly gratified with his reward. In order to overtake the courier, I was supplied with one of the best horses

in the corral, and galloped to the next post, Saladillo ó Manantiales, a distance of fifteen miles in fifty-nine minutes. This day was intolerably hot and oppressive. The cargo horses delayed us greatly; and I had much trouble to do to push the courier on. Being anxious to catch the packet that was on the point of sailing for England, time was of great importance to me. However, I could not get on further than ninety-three miles, and slept at the Arroyo del Medio, where we were again much troubled with mosquitos.

Jan. 4th. Started at daylight. Fearing I should not be in time for the packet, and finding great difficulty in getting the courier to move in the heat of the day, I left him behind, and proceeded on with my peon.

At Ponte Zuelas met Mr. Newton, an English merchant, who was proceeding to Mendoza. From him I learnt that the packet had sailed, or was about to sail, on the *2nd* of *January*, which was unusually early; but she had made an extraordinary quick passage out. I pro-

ceeded on, and stopt at La Cruz de Areco at nine P.M., performing ninety-three miles. This was a most miserable post. I had scarcely arrived, when a most awful pampero came on, accompanied with tremendous heavy rain, thunder, and lightning. I fully expected the rancho would be blown to atoms. Nearly half the roof came off, and we were almost smothered with sand and dirt. It is impossible to conceive with what fury these pamperos come on, tearing up thick clouds of sand, which completely darken the earth. My peon went outside to bring in the saddles, when he was literally obliged to hold on by some posts, or he would have been carried off his legs by the violence of the wind. Although not annoyed by mosquitos at this post, the pampero prevented our getting much rest.

Jan. 5th. Rainy morning, accompanied with thunder and lightning; prepared to start at daylight, but was prevented by a storm coming on. To my surprise, just as I was starting, who should come up but Mr. W. P. Robertson, whom I had left at Valparaiso with his wife, on the point of

sailing in the Ayacucha brig; but it appeared that he had changed his mind, and left his wife to go round the Horn, while he crossed the country. We therefore, travelled on together through rain, mud, and dirt. The roads were in a most dreadful state: it was certainly dangerous riding, but who would not be anxious to get out of such misery as soon as possible, and there is no other method but galloping for it. Both our peons fell together, when horses and men rolled over in the mud, and were literally covered from head to foot.* I forgot to mention a poor miner belonging to the Famatina Mining Company, whom I had picked up on the road the day before yesterday; he had three or four falls this day, and it was absolutely impossible to tell what colour he was. It rained without ceasing till three o'clock, still we travelled through it, paying double posts in order to get on. On arriving at the Puente de Marces, to our mortification we found that here were no horses to be procured: the ones we were on had

* One received a severe kick in the eye.

been ridden at their full speed eighteen miles over a very bad and heavy road: however, we took them on to La Figura, nine miles further, which is not a regular post: here also they informed us that we could not be supplid with any; but after much persuasion, and paying what they chose to demand, they gave us most excellent ones, when we pushed on through a most miserable road, full of water and pantanos, and arrived in Buenos Ayres about eight o'clock, most miserably wet, dirty, and fatigued, making eighty-seven miles: thus performing the journey across the Pampas in eight days, that is, striking out one day only, for the time I remained at San Luis; but I was detained there seven hours and a half beyond that time, therefore averaged upwards of one hundred and fifteen miles and a half per day. Travelling this journey with the government courier, gave me an opportunity of correcting my list of post houses, which I can now say are very accurately laid down, making a total sum of three hundred and eight long leagues across the Pam-

pass; which, by adding the distance of the Cordillera, which is one hundred and thirty-four leagues and a half, gives four hundred and forty-two leagues and a half, the journey the traveller performs in crossing the continent of South America by the grand pass of Uspallata.

CHAPTER XI.

Seasons for Crossing the Cordillera—Hints to Travellers—Peculiarities of the Natives of the Pampas—How to Gain their Goodwill—Reasons for Travelling so Rapidly—Directions for Preserving the Skin in a Hot Sun or Cold Wind—Ladies of Buenos Ayres Compared with those of Lima, Chili, &c.—Description of a Pampero—Washer-women of Buenos Ayres—Religion at Buenos Ayres Compared with Peru—Effects of Distributing the Bible in Peru—Description of South American Houses.

HAVING thus completed two distinct journies across the vast plains of South America and Great Cordillera of the Andes, at two different seasons of the year, at a time when the latter is admitted by all travellers and natives of the country, to be most dangerous to pass—that is, the very depth of winter, when the journey is obliged to be undertaken on foot, so that it is

termed closed; and that of its first opening in summer, when the snow melts in the mountains, swelling the rivers, to that degree, that they rush down with amazing velocity, which renders them extremely dangerous to cross.

It may therefore be necessary for my readers to be informed, which are, and which are not, the best months in the year for crossing the Cordillera of the Andes. For this purpose, I gained the best information both at Santiago and Mendoza; and, from my own observation, and what I gleaned from the arrieros and peons of the mountains, the following statement will be found pretty correct, and may be depended upon with safety.

The couriers, arrieros, and natives of the country, divide the seasons of the Cordillera into two only—summer and winter; calling it closed in winter, and open in summer; that is, closed from June till December, inclusive; and open from January till May, inclusive. But, as the beginning and ending of these seasons (which is

taking too wide a range) are at times attended with some difficulty and risk, according as they are forward or backward, I have divided them into four, which may be depended upon with greater safety, and are as follows.

Summer—January, February, March, April.
Autumn—May, June.
Winter—July, August, September, October.
Spring—November, December.

During the summer months, (as above,) the Cordillera may be passed with ease and safety, the passes of the mountains being entirely clear of snow; the rivers low, and easy of passage, and no fear of snow storms.

Autumn. Generally speaking, it may be passed easily; but instances occur of unsettled weather in May, and the snow setting in early in June; in which case, storms may be apprehended; therefore it would be advisable for the traveller to provide himself with a supply of pro-

visions and charcoal during these months, in the event of such a casualty.

Winter. These are the dreary months when it is totally closed, and impassable to every thing save man alone. I have already said sufficient of a winter in the Andes, to induce the traveller to take every precaution in having his wants supplied before he enters them. One thing I would recommend to be carried with him—(he may probably recollect the description of my descent down the Cuesta de Concual; if not, let him turn to page 153,)—that is, a few fathoms of good line; for it would be found very useful in many cases. The arrieros generally carry with them an iron crow-bar; now, in going down so steep a descent as the above, this bar may be thrust deep and firmly into the snow, and, by attaching the line to it, the descent might be performed without much danger; it would also be of great service in ascending steep and slippery places, a peon being sent up first to fix it, and make fast the line. Having this stand-by, would inspire

the traveller with confidence to venture over many places, which otherwise he might feel a little timid at: I know that I regretted much not having one with me.

Spring. These months the rivers are swollen and rapid, particularly if it has been a severe winter and late season, as that of 1827, when I passed: then the torrents came down with great fury, and crossing them was attended with considerable danger and risk; but, in ordinary seasons, these months are tolerable.

Upon the whole, I would never cross the Andes in any other season but the summer, unless compelled to do so from great emergency. Next to that, May and December would be the months I should choose, as they may, generally speaking, be accounted good. Thus far has it been my particular endeavour to convey to the traveller a faithful representation of the various difficulties he may have to encounter in crossing the continent of South America, without adding, or detracting from any circumstance

as it occurred to me at the time; for I have already observed, and which it is of importance the reader should bear in mind, that I set all my observations down in my journal at the moment of occurrence, with the various feelings I then possessed: this may in some measure account, for what appears to be much tautology; but as it is intended principally as a companion or guide for the traveller, I feel assured those particularities will be found more useful to him than otherwise; for, should he deem it worth the trouble of carrying with him, he will find a faithful representation of every spot he comes to. The impression which I received of the natives of the Pampas, on first crossing, was only more strongly confirmed on my return. What will mostly annoy the traveller, should he be in great haste, will be their apparent apathy; but he must reconcile himself to this, and not attempt to push them by hasty words or expressions; if he does, he will be sure to defeat his own purpose. Mild and persuasive language

can alone influence them to do what he wants. As to bribery, they have no idea what it means, and do not understand it. A man will gain their goodwill much more by a timely present of a few cigars, than he would by offering them four or five dollars. Frequently, after a hard day's ride, have I arrived at a post, ravenous for the want of something to eat, not having (which was frequently the case) tasted food for the whole day; and, to my mortification, in answer to all my enquiries for what was to be had, received the monotonous, appalling answer of "No hay, Señor," there is nothing. It would be uttered with that degree of non-chalance sufficient to vex any man, particularly when he is hungry and tired; but I knew my alternative, and would sit quietly for a quarter of an hour or so, enter into conversation with the gaucho, give him all the news, present a few cigars to his family, then slip out—"Señor, tengo, mucha hambre," "I am very hungry," and all would be settled; if there really was any thing to be had, I would be sure to get it. The fact is,

they have no idea of being driven, but may be led very easily; but as to bribery, (that being a vice which has not yet crept amongst the simple gauchos,) had I attempted it, they would not have understood me; and I found from experience, that my cigars carried greater weight with them, in procuring a favour, than all my dollars would have done. There is certainly a nobleness in these men, far surpassing what a European might imagine. Often have I read in their intelligent countenances, all that their pride would speak, when offered money to do any thing; seeming to say—"No! I'll do it for you, but I won't take your money for it." Should we find more than this in civilized England?

Again, when I wanted a good horse, I would take my bridle in my hand to the corral, offer the peon that might be there a paper cigar, and hand him my own, at the same time, to light it from; then give him my "freno," bridle, with the remark, "Estoy muy cansado," "I am very tired," and it would be quite sufficient; I would be sure to

get a good horse. These remarks appear to be trifles; but, in my opinion, speak much to the character of the natives, and may probably prove serviceable to the traveller, which is my principal object in offering them.

It may now be a matter of surprise to some of my readers, why travellers should gallop over the Pampas at the amazing rate they do. In order, in some measure, to account for this, it must be taken into consideration, the total discomfort and wretchedness which reigns throughout the dreary waste; and it may well be imagined, that a man has no inclination to remain there longer than he can possibly help. It must also be taken into consideration, that, probably at all times, there may be Indians, or Monteneros, hovering about; and if, by any chance, they get information of a traveller being on the road, no doubt but they would endeavour to waylay him; therefore the best and most secure way of avoiding this, is by riding at that rate which would prevent them (even should they get such information) from being able to overtake you: added to this,

the natural pace of the horses is such, that really the animals appear to be sensible of the journey they have to perform, and seem to be as eager to get over it as the riders themselves; neither is their labour so great as may be imagined, for there is no up-hill or down-hill, windings or turnings, obstructions of blocked-up roads, or any thing of the sort: in short, nothing to impede the straight-forward progress; and also there is a peculiar pleasure and buoyancy of spirits in riding over a dreary waste, with nothing to attract the attention; the mind gets absorbed in pleasing reflections, building castles in the air, which are scarcely broken by the galloping of the horse, or till the post-house rises in the horizon of the desolate plain, like a strange sail seen from a ship at sea, which serves only to break the monotony for a few passing moments, until he changes his horse, and gallops on again, anticipating and calculating how long it may be before he gets to the end of his monotonous journey: thus it is, having no inducement to stop,

onward he goes, from daylight till dark, as long as he can get relays of horses; never thinking of the journey he has performed, only how much more remains to be accomplished. But for my own part, I was differently situated, being obliged to ride hard in order to save the packet; had this not been the case, I do not think that I should have been in such a mighty hurry, or exposed my fair face to the sun's scorching rays in the manner I did; and, but (don't let me shock the fair sex) for greasing it well, instead of applying water and soap, I should have had all the skin off long before my arrival at Buenos Ayres: this, by way of a hint to travellers, is a secret which I learnt during my travels in South Africa, and which, now it is out, may account for my not losing all the skin off my nose, in crossing the Cordillera, during the severe winter. Thanks to a couple of inches of tallow-candle, I saved it all without crack or blemish: it is an excellent cosmetic for rendering the skin pleasingly soft and fair; for summer or winter.

I can strongly recommend it; and being perfectly innocent in its nature, may be used without injury to the complexion. No doubt this valuable discovery will be highly approved by the faculty in general.

I now made up my mind that I should have some considerable detention at Buenos Ayres, at least a month, and thought my case provokingly hard, particularly as the packet was in sight on the day of my arrival.

Out of compliment to my many friends at Buenos Ayres, from whom I received the most marked attention during my stay, I don't know whether to say I was agreeably surprised or disappointed. But much to the astonishment of every body, the next packet, His Majesty's brig Hope, arrived on the 12th of January, just a week after my own arrival, having made a very extraordinary quick passage out.

During my short stay at Buenos Ayres this time, I could plainly perceive that the ladies were entitled to the palm in preference to those

either of Lima, Mendoza, or Chili. Independent of being much handsomer, they are decidedly better educated, more accomplished, amiable, and moral. The contrast between those of Lima and Buenos Ayres is very great; the former are indolent, vain, and extravagant to an amazing degree; while the the latter are industrious, amiable, and economical; which virtues, independent of their personal attractions and accomplishments, did not appear to be lost on my own countrymen, for the marriages between the English and natives of Buenos Ayres appear to be very great. From one family that I was living with, there were no less than four daughters married to English merchants; those and several others with whom I was acquainted, appeared to live very happily together.

The climate of Buenos Ayres approximates much more to the European than either Chili or Lima, not being near so relaxing or debilitating, which may account for the roses to be found in the cheeks of the Buenos Ayres ladies,

which are all faded in those of the other climates. The average temperature in summer (December, January, and February) is about 84°. 85° was the average during my stay from the 5th till the 29th of January. Even this temperature is rendered pleasant by the refreshing breezes from the sea and Pampas. Now and then, when a few days of oppressive heat hangs about the place, it will be swept away by a violent pampero or pampas wind, which drives along the plain from the SW. with amazing fury, sweeping clouds of sand and dust before it, accompanied with heavy rain, thunder and lightning. During my stay, two of these winds occurred. They were first announced by black gathering clouds, accompanied with slight whirlwinds, blowing the dust about in all directions, which was the signal for all windows and shops to be closed; presently after, it came rolling into the town with great fury, darkening the face of the earth; and sweeping out to sea, the sand is sometimes blown on board of ships lying in the outer roads, a distance of seven or

eight miles from the shore. This violence continues about two hours; it then generally passes off, and terminates in a fresh gale from the SW. leaving the air particularly cool and refreshing.

All the washing at Buenos Ayres is performed on the beach, or I should say on the rocks, for there is no beach, by black slave girls; and the clothes are spread on the rocks to dry. On landing, it has all the appearance of a fair, and I cannot give a better description than quoting one from a work entitled "A Five Years' Residence in Buenos Ayres," written by an Englishman. "The washerwomen of Buenos Ayres present a singular spectacle to a stranger; they pursue their avocation on the beach, and this soap-sud army extends for nearly two miles. All the washing of the town is performed there, by black women slaves, and servants; at a distance upon the water, it looks like surf breaking upon the shore; they wash well, extending the linen upon the ground to dry. Robberies amongst them are punished by ducking. A wed-

ding, or other joyous ceremony, is celebrated with African magnificence; a canopy is formed from the linen, and the heroine of the day placed under it; red handkerchiefs for flags are carried upon sticks, with saucepans, drums, &c. They dance pas-seuls, after the mode of Guinea and Mozambique I presume. The music consists of singing and clapping of hands; thunders of applause follow—Parisot and Angiolini never received more; a general shout ends the entertainments. Their adherence to African customs is a peculiar trait. At the approach of rain confusion seems at its height, and 'chaos come again;' the ladies hurrying in all directions to save their linen from the pitiless storm."

The landing at Buenos Ayres is very bad, being obliged to get out in large carts; for the boat touches the ground sometimes at a distance of more than a quarter of a mile from the shore. Not unfrequently will these carts upset amongst the rocks, discharging their whole contents of passengers and luggage into the water; although

there is no danger of being drowned, it is not very pleasant to get a ducking, and have luggage spoiled into the bargain. There is an abominable practice on the beach, of men riding into the water on horseback quite naked, which is very offensive to the eyes of females who may pass that way; but they gallop amongst the washerwomen, very much to the danger of the clothes, without any ceremony.

The Protestant religion is tolerated at Buenos Ayres, and places of worship allowed to be built. The English have a very neat church, which was formerly a Catholic chapel, the clergyman is a Mr. Armstrong, a pious, worthy man. It is generally well attended, and a most pleasing sight was it to behold an English congregation assembled together in a foreign land, to render praise to their Maker in their own language and forms, and with the permission of the government of a Catholic country; this is certainly a step gained towards improvement, and a vast deal from ancient prejudices. God alone can judge,

how far it may be permitted to extend. The influence of the priests over the minds of the people, is evidently fast falling to decay in many parts of South America. Religious processions, the food and bait of the lower order, are rapidly dwindling away. At Buenos Ayres there are none, in Chili very few; at Lima only are they carried on in any considerable degree: yet the priests, instead of being respected, as they formerly were, have lost all their influence, and are held in the greatest contempt; their society is shunned and despised by the respectable natives, and they do not hesitate at openly calling them a set of rogues and thieves. What all this will ultimately lead to, the "Lord alone can tell." It is to be hoped that the light of the true gospel may shortly spread and take root in that vast city, containing upwards of one hundred thousand souls.

Finding in an English newspaper an extract of a letter from Peru, and as it confirms so much of what I have been stating I shall here quote it.

"*Peru.*—Before I close this letter, I must inform you of a very remarkable occurrence which took place at Arica. Some of the inhabitants came on board to see the vessel; on their leaving, I presented each of them with a Spanish bible. A priest, the same evening, came into one of their houses, and found a gentleman reading the bible; this instantly attracted his notice, and he demanded it from him, which was refused; a scuffle ensued, and the furious priest caught it from him, summoned him before the governor, who gave directions (influenced by the priest) that it should be burned, which was done immediately, in the most public manner. A search was made for more, but the inhabitants hid them; only one was discovered. The day after, about ten in the morning, a furious hurricane of wind came on instantaneously, which blew some of the smaller vessels from their anchors, covered the town with dust, and left it in perfect darkness. The inhabitants, expecting

some awful judgment, either shut themselves up in their houses or churches, using their usual incantations or prayers to their saints; this continued several hours, and it is necessary to remark, on that part of the coast of Peru, it never rains; the wind is always very moderate, and such an event was never known. When I came on shore, shortly after it subsided, I told them it was a judgment from God, for burning his word. This opinion they themselves had already formed. A universal enquiry was consequently made, whether I had any more bibles. The news spread all along the coast. I distributed five cases among them, and might have disposed of all I had, but preferred keeping some for Lima. A few days after, the prefector of Arequipa, next in rank to Bolivar, came to Arica to inspect the Custom House department, and regulate the duties. He was informed of this outrage committed by the priest against liberty of conscience. The prefector requested me to

give him two copies of the Spanish bible, which I did; one was sent to the bishop of Arequipa, to know why that book should be destroyed, the other was retained for his own use. After I left, he gave directions, I understand, for a circulation of the bible, and of all religious books, free of any duty, or incumbrance. The priest is in great disgrace; and despised by the people. The effect which this may produce on the coast of Peru, no one can calculate but He who caused it."

Well may the writer of the above observe, "that no one can calculate the effect that the circulation of the bible may produce in Peru, but He who caused it." As a further step towards it, I hope shortly to hear that the English residents in Lima have exerted themselves and obtained the same privilege of exercising their religion, as those in Buenos Ayres have done, and which, from my observation on this important subject during my very short stay there, I

do not apprehend would be very difficult of accomplishment.

The short time I spent at the different South American towns I passed through, did not give me sufficient leisure to make such observations, as I could have wished. A stranger on first entering any of them, would be sadly disappointed at seeing the houses, for they possess all the gloomy appearance of prisons; instead of being struck by dazzling glass windows glittering in the rays of the sun, nothing but gloomy iron bars meet his eye, and the doors which lead into a large court-yard, or patio, are huge and massive, reminding one of the gates of a prison. Notwithstanding both these unsightly appearances, they are highly requisite in such a country; the former for coolness and free admission of air during the oppressive heat of summer, and the latter for security during the troublesome times of revolutions or invasions, for when the outer door is closed, the house within itself forms a little citadel. The sight of

one town in South America would convey the idea of most of them. In the centre is a Plaza, or Square, where generally is situated the residence of the governor, also the public buildings, offices, &c. From this square, the streets branch off in straight lines, which are intersected by others at right-angles, forming cuadras or squares, consisting of about four English acres. When a person enquires where "such a one lives?" they will reply so many cuadras to the right, left, &c.; and it will seldom be found that the natives know the names of more than two or three streets in the whole town, which to a foreigner is very annoying.

CHAPTER XII

Leave Buenos Ayres—Run on the Chico Bank—Description of a Ship on shore—Arrive at Monte Video—Arrive at Rio Janeiro—Emperor of Brazils, Queen of Portugal, &c.—Theatres in South America compared with those of England—Reflection on the rising of the North Star—Stormy Weather—Arrive at St. Michael's—Leave St. Michael's—Arrive in England.

The time now drawing near for the packet's departure, I embarked on the 29*th*, *January*, 1828, on which day she sailed. The next morning while running for Monte Video, with a fine fair breeze, she struck on the Chico bank, well known to most mariners who frequent the Rio de la Plata. It was blowing pretty fresh and we had a great many passengers on board, French, English, Portuguese and Spanish, many of whom had probably never been placed in such a situa-

tion before; and although there was no danger to be apprehended, it was pretty evident from the countenances of most of them, that plenty of fear was entertained; and their different antics in endeavouring to make themselves useful, only added ridicule to the scene of confusion already at its height, from hoisting out the boats, shortening sail, carrying out anchors, &c., while at every bump the ship would give, an involuntary exclamation of "Oh dear me!" would be heard from amongst them, accompanied with a most piteous and beseeching look on the sailors around, as much as to say, "what will become of us!" but not daring to ask any questions from Jack, for fear of meeting with an awkward rebuff, he being too much engaged in the duties of the ship, to pay any attention to the land lubbers, as he would call them.

The confusion of a ship being on shore, and the impression it must make upon those who have never witnessed a scene of the sort, cannot easily be imagined. The leadsman is in the

chains chaunting the depth of water, to the attentive ears of the captain and master, who are conning the ship to his cry of quarter-less-four, &c.; when all at once, while under full sail, she strikes. "Holloa! what's that?" cries the captain. "The ship's on shore," reply a dozen voices in the same breath. "What water," cries the captain? "Quarter-less-two, sir," is the reply. "What water forward? what water abaft? what water to starboard? what water to port?" to all which questions various sailors fly to answer. "Two fathoms, sir—quarter-less-two," &c. Again she strikes. Now confusion begins, various orders and the boatswain's pipe are heard in all directions. "Turn the hands up to shorten sail"—"Aye, aye, sir!" "Man the fore and main clue garnets, top-gallant clue-lines," &c. "All manned, sir." "Up courses, in top-gallant sails." "Away go the sails," flapping in the wind till silenced by their various buntlines and cluelines drawn close to the yards;—bump again she goes. "Lower away the topsails."

"Turn the hands up, out boats." Down fly the yards, the shrill pipe is heard again; "All hands out, boats ahoy!" Away fly the pigs, sheep, ducks, geese, turkies, fowls, &c. that may happen to be in the launch; their cackling, &c. drowns the officers' voices: "Throw them overboard, down below, any where to stop their noise." "Clear away the kedge anchor. Get the stream cable up from below." Up it comes, roaring across the hatchway. The anchor is lowered to the stern of the launch; the other boats are sent off, to sound round the vessel for the deepest water; when that is found, there the anchor is dropped. "Now heave away on the cable, my lads." "The anchor's coming home, sir."* Harder she strikes still; other orders are given: "Stand by to start all the water below—man the pumps—see the guns all clear for throwing overboard." Previous to these orders being put into execution the sailors are cheered up to "Try her once more: heave again, my lads. "She

* That is, will not hold on.

holds, she holds! hurra! my hearties, bravo! There she starts, there she goes. She 's off, she 's off." "Hold fast the guns, never mind the water." "Another heave, my boys, hurra! and she floats." "There she is, all your own." "Now turn the hands up to make sail, hoist away the topsails, man the fore and main tacks, &c." "All manned, sir." "Haul on board" is the word, and away she goes again, all right, without further damage than probably knocking a little of the false keel off her bottom, which a few hours in dock will put in order again.

Such is a slight description of a vessel being on shore where there is no real danger; the reader must imagine to himself what the change of scene would be, where there is danger attending such a disaster.

After remaining on shore about four hours, going through the scene as described above, she was hove off without sustaining any perceptible damage; and the following day arrived at Monte Video, where we remained till the 2*d* of *February*,

then sailed for Rio de Janeiro. Amongst other passengers, came on board the President's brother, Señor Garcia, said to be the bearer of a complaint to the Emperor of Brazils against their admiral, for not rendering the blockade of Buenos Ayres more effective. It is certainly most ridiculously absurd, to see such a squadron as they possess in the Rio de la Plata, not able to do any thing, or even make any attempt to exterminate brave Admiral Brown's little squadron. This brave man's name carries terror to his enemies wherever he goes, and he is very justly called "a host within himself." The feats which he has performed with the few boats only which he possesses, (for they scarcely deserve the name of any thing else,) are incredible, and scarcely possible to be conceived.

We had a pleasant passage of twelve days down to Rio, arriving on the 14th. Our stay was only three days, but I visited the opera for the purpose of getting sight of the Emperor, who happened to be there, accompanied by his

two daughters, the Queen of Portugal and the Infanta. The former is about ten years of age, and the latter an interesting little child of six or seven: they were very plainly dressed, and as they sat in their magnificent box in the centre of the theatre, were to be seen to great advantage. The interior of the house is very elegant, consisting of four tiers of boxes on each side of the Emperor's, which occupies the whole front of the theatre, excepting four small boxes just above it. The grand entrance to the pit is underneath it, and it was certainly most superbly fitted up, with chandeliers, pier glasses, tables, chairs, &c. having all the appearance of an elegant drawing-room; and being quite open in front, with the exception of a light gilt railing, they were quite exposed to the full view of the audience. Whenever the curtain dropt the audience stood up out of respect to the Emperor, those in the pit facing him, at which time he would always rise and come forward with the little Queen and child. He wore a plain blue coat, without star or

mark of distinction of any sort, with white trowsers and shoes, and but for the gentlemen in waiting never sitting down or coming forward, it was impossible to distinguish one from the other. The weather being very warm, he used a plain white fan during the whole of the opera, which, by the bye, is customary among the gentlemen in South America. The Queen is a very pretty little girl, with flaxen hair, and remarkably fair. She was dressed quite like a little old maid, very plain, wearing a prim close cottage bonnet. The pretty Infanta was the gayest of them all, being dressed just like an English child of the same age, with petticoat-trowsers and sash, her bright flaxen hair flowing in long ringlets over her shoulders. The Emperor is a handsome young man, about thirty years of age, with very dark hair and large whiskers. He is not very particular with respect to etiquette, for he was talking promiscuously to the ladies and gentlemen in the boxes on each side of him, and they appeared to be very fami-

liar with him, he is frequently to be seen driving about the town in his tilbury, or riding on horseback, in plain clothes, with only one servant; a vast contrast this to his mother, the dowager Queen of Portugal, who never appeared in public without the greatest parade, and whoever passed her carriage, be they who they might, were obliged to kneel down if it were ever so dirty.

The Emperor is a very active man, being up every morning by five o'clock. At six he may always be seen publicly bathing amongst the towns people, at the small island of Cobres, on which is a small fort opposite the palace stairs, from whence he starts in his boat, undresses before every body, and jumps into the water, swimming amongst hundreds of others that are constantly there about that hour; it being the public bathing-place of Rio de Janeiro.

The theatres in South America are widely different from what ours are in England. A female may enter them without having her ears

offended by coarse vulgar language from the gallery, or her modesty insulted by coming in contact with women of notorious bad character. The greatest regularity and order is observed. There are no gentlemen in the upper story bawling out for music, &c. nor fear of those in the pit being saluted by showers of orange-peelings, nut-shells, and the like. The pit is divided into seats generally lined with red baize, so that every person, on entering, takes his place, and it is impossible for him to enter without having a ticket, which prevents its being crowded, for there are never more issued than seats to correspond. The ladies are also separated from the gentlemen, except in the boxes; it being considered derogatory, I suppose, for a female to be seen in the pit, notwithstanding it is the best part of the house, but a place is assigned for them, in all I saw, (except Rio,) called a casuela, or gallery above the boxes, which has a very singular appearance, to see so many females without a single gentleman amongst them.

Whenever the curtain drops, the house is as quiet as a church, and instead of that din we are constantly annoyed with in England, it is the most quiet time of the whole performance.

The thermometer in Rio harbour stood at 84°, on the shore 89° and 90°.

At daylight on the 18*th* we weighed anchor, and being calm, were towed out of the harbour by the boats of the British men-of-war. On making an offing got the breeze from the NE. which, with little variation, carried us up to the equator crossing it on the 12*th March*, in longitude 35° W. with a light breeze and pleasant temperate weather. I have to regret not being able to register the temperature any further, my thermometer being broken by a mischievous monkey we had on board, but should imagine that it was not higher than 82° for the three or four days that we were within a degree of the equator.

As I had often heard it contended that the

north or pole-star could be seen from the line, I this time took particular notice of it, not that I could ever credit such a thing, for it is well known, that its altitude between the tropics is very nearly the latitude, therefore it would be impossible to see it until rising nearly two or even three degrees above the horizon, the first distinct sight I got of it was in latitude 3° 30′ N. On my passage out I lost it in latitude 4° 30′ N. but then it was not very clear weather. The rising of this star is always looked forward to, by the sailor, with feelings of delight on his homeward bound voyage. Often have I watched most anxiously for its appearance, thinking of those friends, whose hemisphere it never forsakes. And while gazing over the vessel's side, marking her progress through the sparkling billows, the pleasing images of fancy would steal upon my senses, till lost to passing scenes around, the thoughts of home would absorb every faculty with all the delusive delights of reality:

Then oft forgetful would I stand,
Nor crew, nor ship, nor ocean see;
And often would my heart demand,
If friends beloved thus thought of me.

At the commencement of April, when in latitude 35° N. we experienced disagreeable, cold, stormy weather. Thermometer, I should say, as low as 48°. On the 4*th*, it increased to a heavy gale, on which day we passed the islands of Fayal and Pico; the tremendous squalls of wind, that came off those islands, reduced us to our close-reefed main-topsail and foresail. At night the sea had all the appearance of living fire, and the squalls flew past us like hurricanes. On the 5*th* it moderated a little, but the wind headed us, with a high cross sea running, so that we could not lay our course. At night it blew again as hard as ever, and not being able to weather the island of St. Michael's, we lay to till daylight next morning, then ran in for the anchorage, blowing tremendously hard. The wind was too violent to cast anchor, so we lay off till the afternoon when it moderated, and

then anchored off the town, or rather city of St. Felippe, which has a very pretty appearance from the sea, the houses and churches all being built of stone, and whitewashed, with red tiled roofs. The land being high, gave us a full view of all the cultivated spots separated by stone walls, having all the appearance of a coloured map, from their different tints of verdure; on nearing these walls on shore, they have a gloomy appearance, which is rendered very striking by the want of timber. This island, although only thirty-five miles long, and in many places not more than eight broad, contains eighty thousand inhabitants. It appears, while passing along it, one mass of cultivation, not a spot to be seen but what is walled in for that purpose. The city contains about twenty thousand inhabitants, and I should imagine it must be a very healthy place to live in. I ascertained that the temperature was seldom above 84° or below 60°.

Remaining here only sixteen hours, gave me no time for observation. The peculiarity of the

hats of the men, and cloaks of the women, on first landing, was very striking: the former having all the appearance of horns sticking up on each side. They are made of blue cloth, like a hunting cap, with an immense front, but the peak turns up on each side in the peculiar shape of horns; behind is a fall of cloth, which drops on the shoulders like a cape, keeping out sun or rain. The women wear large blue cloth cloaks, with an immense hood turning over their heads in the shape of a nautilus shell, so that you cannot see their faces, being muffled up almost as much as the ladies of Lima.

The anchorage of St. Michael's is by no means safe, for there is little less than eighteen fathoms water in any part of it. A south-west wind sets right in, so that when it blows at all strong, vessels are obliged to start from their anchors. Two small ones had been wrecked but a week previous to our arrival; a NE. wind comes down the high mountains in such furious squalls, as to

drive vessels from their anchors far out to sea, there being no possibility of holding on against them.

We sailed again from St. Michael's on the following morning, the *7th* of *April*, and flew towards Old England with a fine fair wind, averaging a hundred and sixty miles per day, when on the *14th* we cast anchor in the outer roads Falmouth harbour.

CONCLUSION.

Thus have I taken my readers four sea voyages, two journies across the continent of South America, one through the Banda Oriental, remained seven weeks at Lima, three in Chili, one at Mendoza, eight at Buenos Ayres, one at Monte Video, and one at Rio de Janeiro, travelled upwards of twenty thousand miles by sea and land, and brought them back again to England *within twelve months* from the time of my starting.

Such rapid movements and short stay at the different places I touched at, will, I trust, in some measure apologize for the heterogeneous manner in which these observations have been thrown together, not having had sufficient time to modify or arrange them. Such as they are, with their many imperfections, if they have afforded

any amusement or information to my readers, I am amply repaid for all the—trouble I cannot say, but—pleasure it gave me in noting them down, merely to pass away the time as I proceeded on my solitary journey. And now, before taking leave of my readers, as I presume this Journal may chance to fall into the hands of some traveller who may be about to undertake the same journey, I have endeavoured to offer a few useful remarks; yet still have I left the most important ones till the last, and those are—a few observations on the necessary precautions to be taken respecting the health. It must not be supposed that a man can undertake to travel by sea and land, experiencing such sudden changes of climate, atmosphere, temperature, diet, habits, &c. without paying some regard to his constitution, and knowing, by a careful attention to it, in what manner he may best preserve it. Although not a medical man myself, yet has my situation so frequently thrown me upon my own resources, while buffeting the world's wide stage for these last

eighteen years past, roving from clime to clime, visiting the sickly shores of Madagascar and Southern Africa, burning in the deserts of Namaqua land, and freezing in the regions of Nova Scotia, that I trust my experience, (from paying attention to my own constitution, and those that have at different times been under my charge,) will not be thrown away by presuming to offer it to those who may chance to rove in foreign climes as I have done; and although it may not be couched in all the technical language of pharmacy, yet still I hope that it may be equally as well understood, and taken in the light for which it is intended, viz.—to be of service to the traveller who may be placed far out of the reach of any medical advice while prosecuting his journey in a wild and distant land, where medicine is so little understood, and so difficult to be procured.

Previous to taking a journey across the Pampas, (or any where in the interior of a foreign country,) I would recommend the traveller, more

especially if he is recently arrived from Europe, or has been confined to a large and populous city, leading a sedentary life, to take five grains of calomel at night, and a dose of Epsom salts the following morning; which will carry off any excrementitious matter that may be lodged in the bowels; prepare him to undergo the first day's journey with more comfort to himself, and render his constitution less liable to feel the effects of such violent horse exercise as he will experience, and which probably he may not be very well acquainted with, but will find it, generally speaking, as follows. In the first place, owing to his travelling with a speed scarcely known in Europe, he is shaken to that excess, that a great secretion of bile takes place, which generally produces diarrhœa: this in a little time will go off, and be followed by very great costiveness, which, if not carried off by a little opening medicine, may terminate in very unpleasant symptoms, such as head-ache, fever, &c. Let these two principles be borne in mind, to "keep the

head cool and bowels open," while this is the case, much evil or danger need not be apprehended.

That painful feeling of soreness of limbs which will be felt from galloping at such a rate, and also difficulty of respiration, may greatly be relieved by laying flat upon the back immediately on dismounting, with the arms and legs extended; which is not only the best posture to afford rest for the short time of stopping to change horses, but it relieves the intercostal muscles from the violent exertion and pressure they undergo while riding, gives them ease, and time to recover their natural tone again; and hence renovates the whole system by the time he is ready for starting.

Should he be troubled with a severe head-ache, arising from a determination of blood, or being long exposed to the heat of a burning sun, putting the feet in warm water, and applying cloths wetted with vinegar, (if it can be procured,) and cold water, or cold water alone,

will be found a great relief: should this not remove it, a cooling purgative must be added. Nothing can be better as a cooling medicine than Seidlitz powders: should this not carry it off, a proper quantity of blood must be immediately abstracted to unload the distended vessels; nor should it be delayed by any vain fear, as another day's riding might bring on a fever, which might confine him in some wild waste, far removed from all medical assistance, or any one able to apply the lancet to him; therefore he must abstract it himself while he is able, without any hesitation, and which may be done with ease and safety by observing the following directions:—

First lay the left arm on a table, with the palm of the hand upwards; have a fillet or bandage ready, which get some person to pass round the arm, about two inches above the elbow, so as to compress the vein above the part from which you intend to abstract the blood; let it remain a little time, in order that a distension of accumulated blood may take place. But you must not

bleed over an artery, for fear of wounding it, which may be easily ascertained by pulsation or throbbing underneath the vein: if this is felt, another vein must be chosen. Then take the lancet (bent nearly to a right angle) between the forefinger and thumb, leaving at least half the blade uncovered: you are then to rest your hand on the three remaining fingers, and with the point of the lancet towards the left hand, make the opening, as it were, in a semicircle, thus ⌣. After abstracting blood sufficient, (say eight or ten ounces; or less, should faintness be felt before that quantity is withdrawn,) loosen the bandage, and bring the lips of the wound carefully together, and place over it a small compress of lint, which is to be secured in that situation by a bandage passed alternately above and below the elbow, so that, when applied, it may describe a figure of eight, by crossing at the bend of the arm. During the time the blood is flowing, very strict attention must be paid to keeping the arm in one position; and if it does

not flow freely, and the pulse at the wrist does not beat, the bandage above the elbow must be slackened a little.

To bleed another person, the process is precisely the same, except in making the orifice, which then would be, with the lancet pointing towards the elbow, rather in an oblique direction; but I take it for granted, that most travellers understand the simple process of bleeding; if not, it ought to be acquired, being an operation so very useful and simple.

Should an inordinate secretion of bile take place, from the heat of the weather, or any other cause, producing a diarrhœa or sickness at the stomach, a Seidlitz powder or weak solution of Epsom salts may be taken; and, by drinking plentifully of beef tea, (if it can be procured,) to dilute the acrid bile, it will be sufficient. After it has ceased to operate, a little weak brandy and water will restore the tone of the stomach and bowels. I would never recommend, while undergoing violent horse exercise, purgatives con-

taining aloes or colycinth, for they may be apt to produce hæmorrhoidal affections.

In travelling in such a country as South America, it may naturally be supposed that a man cannot very conveniently carry a medicine-chest along with him; therefore it may be necessary for him to know what medicines will be the most useful. I should say, the fewer, or rather, the simpler they are, the better; for medicine is an article that is too apt to be played with by persons who do not thoroughly understand the use of it, and are frequently led to take it, from vain and imaginary fears, merely because they happen to have it in their possession; therefore, the more simple it is, the better, and may consist as follows, viz. about an ounce or two of calomel, Epsom salts, seidlitz powders, (best in bottles,) some adhesive plaister, bandages and lint, three or four good lancets, and a little opodeldoc for sprains or contusions, in case of a fall. A litfle essence of coffee would be found very convenient, and a great luxury

while travelling, for it will go in a small compass, and take very little time in making; not only that, but the maté or Paraguay tea, which is used in the country, even should it prove palateable, will be found a very powerful astringent, and ought not to be used too freely. Whenever the traveller has time for a bath, either warm or cold, as he best feels inclined, I would strongly recommend it; if that cannot be procured, sponging the body all over with cold water will be found the best means of preserving him in good health; for, although cold bathing should drive the blood from the surface of the body for a few moments, it will soon be followed by a fresh impetus; and I have always found it one of the most potent means of restoring muscular energy, and removing that sense of languor and lassitude, which, after undergoing a little fatigue in a warm climate, pervades the whole system. When wearied and fatigued, it awakens the dormant energies, and produces a lively sentiment of existence. When taken before going to bed, it

tends to produce peaceful slumbers, and, on awaking, the body is refreshed, perfectly regenerated, and restored to a feeling of universal comfort.

The next thing to be observed, is the article of clothing. I have, already described what is requisite for the Cordillera; as to other climates, I have always been influenced by the weather, and followed my own inclination and comfort, by putting flannel on, and taking it off, as I felt it agreeable or disagreeable; but always taking care never to get wet if I could avoid it, without having my flannel on. But on this subject, I must decline offering any further opinion, as so much depends upon the constitution: many medical men maintain, that when flannel is once put on the body, it ought never to be taken off again; but my opinion being different, I have acted upon it, and experienced the greatest comfort and relief from following it; but I must say, that it cannot be ventured upon without the greatest caution.

And lastly: having said so much respecting the care which is to be taken of the body, while in a foreign climate, the mind must not altogether be lost sight of; should that be diseased, all art fails, and medicine proves abortive. To express all I would say on this subject, I cannot do better than quote the language of that learned surgeon Mosely, who, in concluding his treatise on tropical diseases, says: "I cannot dismiss the present subject, in which my views have been principally directed to the avoidable, and to the remediable derangements of the body, without one solitary glance at those derangements of the mind, which no regimen can prevent, nor medicine cure.

"Hot climates administer certain death, 'to a mind diseased;' and where there is in the 'memory a rooted sorrow,' or written 'troubles of the brain.'

"The want of sleep, in the slightest indisposition, is always alarming; and, in the graver diseases of people who have naturally much irri-

tability of habit, or some grief or anxiety of the mind, it is the cause of so great a determination of blood to the head, with excessive action of the arteries of the brain, and so much perturbation of the animal spirits, that often admit of no relief or composure but what the unhappy sufferer, after violent convulsive struggles, frenzy, and inflammation of the brain, finds in death—sometimes, indeed, he escapes this fate, to experience the miserable alternative of a long imbecility of the faculties of the mind.

"Therefore, let not the discontented in mind, nor the broken-hearted, hope to evade his cares and troubles by changing to these climes; nor think that any passion which has stormed the breast, will abate its force by distance. Nostalgia, that longing after home, exerts its painful influence in the remotest regions, and magnifies to danger the most trivial indisposition of either body or mind, when both are already half subdued by the heat and dread of climate.

"Those whose happy days have not yet been

clouded with misfortunes, let them be careful here to preserve tranquillity of mind, and watch with caution over their passions. The young and inexperienced, who have embarked with the false notion, that fortune has heaped up treasure for them to be delivered out gratis, let them also prepare for disappointment; and let them avoid at first arriving in these countries, entering into any serious engagement, or intricate concern, until they have made themselves acquainted with the genius of the people and their local laws; for fear any glittering allurement should lead them into an inextricable labyrinth of difficulty and vexation, and consign them to that country, 'from whose bourne no traveller returns.'"

APPENDIX

APPENDIX [A.]

OUTWARD-BOUND VOYAGE.

No. I.—*Abstract of the Voyage from England to Rio Janeiro, in 45 days.*

Days of Month.	Winds.	Course.	Dist.	Latitude.	Long.	Ther.	REMARKS, &c.
				N.	W.		
April 23d.	Variable	..	..	..	..	46°	Moderate and fine weather at 1 P.M. slipped the moorings, and sailed from Falmouth.
—— 24th.	Ditto	S. 13 W.	78	48.42	5.40	47	Moderate breezes, and cloudy weather.
—— 25th.	SE.	S. 31 W.	106	47. 9	6.39	47	Light winds, all sail set.
—— 26th.	SSE.	S. 47 W.	103	45.86	9.00	50	Fresh breezes, and cloudy.
—— 27th.	S. to SSW.	S. 54 W.	144	44.11	11.26	52	Fresh breezes.
—— 28th.	South	S. 74 W.	86	43.47	12.55	55	Ditto with a heavy head-sea.
—— 29th.	NW.NNE.	S. 14 W.	143	41.29	13.34	59	Squally weather with head-sea.
—— 30th.	Var. NW.	S. 13 W.	86	40. 8	13.44	62	Light winds, and fine.
May 1st.	WSW.	S. 5 E.	77	38.49	14.2	64	Light winds, and fine.
—— 2d.	WSW.NW.	S. 3 E.	120	36.50	13.55	67	Cloudy, with rain.
—— 3d.	NE.	S. 27 W.	175	34.14	15.27	68	At 7 P.M. made Porto Santo S.W. by W. and got the trade-wind.
—— 4th.							
—— 5th.	Ditto	Running	past	Madeira		70	8 A.M. Deserters West, 6 miles.
	Ditto	S. 29 W.	129	30.00	17.55	70	1 P.M. saw Palma, S.S.W. 70 miles.
—— 6th.	Ditto	S. 27 W.	172	27.28	19.25	71	Fine weather, performed divine service.
—— 7th.	Ditto	S. 10 W.	181	24.32	20. 1	73	Fine weather, trade-wind.
—— 8th.	Ditto	S. 14 W.	183	21.38	21. 0	76	Fresh breeze, with heavy swell.
—— 9th.	Ditto	S. 9 W.	174	18.47	21.24	78	Fine trade-wind, all sail set.
—— 10th.	Ditto	S. 25 W.	178	16. 3	22.34	78	11 A.M. saw Bonavista.
—— 11th.	Ditto	South	182	12.51	22.35	80	Fresh trade, warm weather.
—— 12th.	NE.	S. 4 E.	154	10.17	22.14	82	Fine trade-wind, sultry weather.
—— 13th.	ENE.	S. 4 E.	145	7.51	22. 4	83	Performed divine service.
—— 14th.	Ditto	South	70	6.41	22. 4	84	Light winds, thunder and lightning.

Abstract of the Voyage from England to Rio Janeiro, in 45 days, continued.

Days of Month.	Wind.	Course.	Dist.	Lat.	Long.	Ther.	REMARKS, &c.
1827.				N.	W.	o	
May 15th.	Variable	S. 9 W.	24	6.18	22.20	85	Light airs, sultry, rainy weather.
—— 16th.	Ditto	South	18	6.00	22.22	86	Calm, heavy rains, thunder and lightning.
—— 17th.	Ditto	Ditto	17	5.43	22.21	86	Calm, close, sultry weather, rain and thunder.
—— 18th.	Ditto	S. 10 E.	26	5.27	22.20	86	Nearly calm, gloomy weather.
—— 19th.	Ditto	S. 6 E.	26	5. 3	22. 6	85	Calm at times, heavy rains.
—— 20th.	Ditto	S. 50 W.	25	4.47	22.24	84	Ditto, night, heavy lightning and rain.
—— 21st.	South	S. 68 W.	78	4.17	23.50	85	Ditto, weather lost sight of the pole-star.
—— 22d.	Variable	S. 60 W.	74	3.39	24.50	84	Light airs, heavy squalls of rain.
—— 23rd.	SE. by S.	S. 20 W.	66	2.40	24.54	84	Light breezes, eve. vivid light. got S.E. trade.
—— 24th.	Ditto	S. 51 W.	140	1.12N	26.54	83	Moderate breezes, passing showers.
—— 25th.	Ditto	S. 39 W.	127	0.26S	28.14	82	Moderate and cloudy, crossed equator.
—— 26th.	Ditto	S. 30 W.	133	2.21	29.18	80	Moderate and fine trade-wind.
—— 27th.	Ditto	Ditto	118	4. 1	30.38	80	Light breezes, and fine.
—— 28th.	Ditto	S. 36 W.	126	5.43	31.53	79	Fine trade-wind, all sails set.
—— 29th.	Ditto	S. 24½ W.	127	7.38	32 46	78	Moderate and cloudy.
—— 30th.	Ditto	S. 20 W.	128	9.38	33.50	79	Fine trade, all sails set.
—— 31st.	ESE.	S. 13 W.	96	11.15	34.12	80	Light trade-winds and fine weather.
June 1st.	Ditto	S. 21 W.	94	12.42	34.41	80	Ditto weather, var. per azimuth. 4o W.
—— 2d.	Ditto	S. 11 W.	157	15. 6	35.31	78	Moderate breezes, and cloudy.
—— 3rd.	Ditto	S. 22 W.	164	17.37	36.33	79	Fresh breezes, and fine.
—— 4th.	ENE.	S. 19 W.	118	19.28	36.55	78	Light breezes, and very cloudy.
—— 5th.	Variable	S. 34 W.	130	21.10	38.13	77	Moderate breezes, and fine weather.
—— 6th.	NE.	S. 55 W.	144	22.39	40.42	76	3. P.M. saw Cape Frio. W. by N. ½ N. 40 miles.
—— 7th.	Variable	Running in for Rio Janeiro.				78	10 P.M. anchored in Rio Janeiro Harbour.

No. II.

Abstract of the Voyage from Rio Janeiro to Monte Video.

Days of Month.	Winds.	Course.	Distance.	Latitude.	Longitude.	Ther.	REMARKS, &c.
June 10th.	NNE.	Sailed at	daylight.	22° 6′ S	47° 7′ W.	78°	Light breezes and fine.
—— 11th.	NNE.	S. 24° W.	152	25.14	44.11	76	Moderate breezes.
—— 12th.	NNE. to SW.	S. 28 W.	160	27.41	45.40	67	First part fine, 2d heavy squalls
—— 13th.	SW.	S. 12 W.	106	29.24	45.59	65	Strong breezes and squally.
—— 14th.	SW.	S. 92 E.	61	30.35	46. 9	64	Strong gales and stormy, under close reefed top-sail and fore-sail.
—— 15th.	SW.	S. 5 W.	36	31.11	45.35	64	Gale abated, heavy head-sea.
—— 16th.	S. NE.	S. 77 W.	76	31.25	46.52	64	Light winds and variable.
—— 17th.	Variable	S. 60 W.	106	32.17	48.39	65	Moderate breezes and squally.
—— 18th.	Variable	S. 63 W.	57	33. 2	49.27	69	At midnight, strong breezes.
—— 19th.	NNW.	S. 54 W.	178	34.48	52.	60	Strong breezes.
—— 20th.	SSW.	S. 85 W.	77	34.54	53.37	55	Light winds and variable.
—— 21st.	Variable	Made Cape	St. Mary's			51	Fresh breezes.
—— 22d.	SW.	Anchored	at Monte	Video.		49	Moderate breezes and fine.

No. III.

List of Post Houses in travelling through the Banda Oriental from Monte Video to Las Vacas.

Names of the Posts.	Distance in Leagues.	Remarks.
Town of Canelones.....	10	Good.
Village of St. Lucia.....	3	Bad.
——— St. Joze	7	Bad.
Post of Cufre	7	Bad.
——— Rosario	7	Good.
——— Sauces	7	Very bad.
——— St. Juan.....	7	Good.
——— Tunas	8	Good.
Village of Las Vacas	7	Tolerable.
Total.....	63	Leagues.

No. IV.

List of the Post Houses in crossing the Pampas from Buenos Ayres to Mendoza.

Names of the Posts.	Distance in Leagues.	Remarks.
Puente de Marques	7	Good.
Canada de Escobar	6	Very bad.
Town of Luxan	3	Excellent.
Canada de la Cruz	7	Tolerable.
La Cruz de Areco	6	Very bad.
Chacras de Ayala	5	Very bad.
Arrecife	7	Very good.
Ponte Zuelas	6	Tolerable.
Manantiales	4	Bad, no post room.
Olmos	4	Very good.
Arroyo del Medio	5	Good.
Arroyo del Pavon	6	Tolerable.
Cerrillo del Rosario	7	Very good.
Saladillo ó Manantiales	6	Good.
Candelaria	6	Tolerable.
Desmochado	6	Tolerable.
Arequito	4	Bad.
Esquina de la Guardia	4	Very good.
La Cruz Alta	4	Very bad.
Cabeza del Tigre	4	Good.
Lobaton	5	Tolerable.
Saladillo	4	Very good.
Barrancas	4	Good.
Zanjon	4	Tolerable.
Frayle Muerto (village)	4	Excellent.
Tres Cruces	4	Bad.
Esquina de Medrano	4	Excellent.
Arroyo de St. Joze	8	Very good.
Canada de Lucas	5	Very bad.
Punta de Agua	6	Good.
Carried forward	155	Leagues.

List of the Post Houses continued.

Names of the Posts.	Distance in Leagues.	Remarks.
Brought forward.....	155	
Santa Barbara	9	Very good.
Tegua.....	4	Very bad.
Corral de Barrancas	4	Excellent
El Tambo.....	4	Bad.
La Aguadita.....	4	Good.
Barranquita	5	Good post, but dirty.
Achiras.....	5	Good.
Porte Zuela.....	5	Good.
Morro de St. Joze (village) ..	7	Bad post-house.
Rio Quinto.....	12	Tolerable.
Town of San Luis	12	Bad post-house.
Represa.....	7	Good.
Desaguadero	14	No post, good fare.
Tortugas	3	Good.
Corral de Cuero.....	8	Bad.
Corro Corto	8	Very good.
Dormida del Negro	10	Good.
Catetos.....	6	Good.
Chacona	6	Good.
Retano...	9	Very good.
Rodeo del Medio.....	7	Very good.
Mendoza.....	5	Bad for a town.
Total	309	Leagues.

No. V.

List of the Posts and Casuchas in crossing the Andes from Mendoza to Valparaiso.

Names of the Places.	Distance in Leagues.	Remarks, &c.
Villavicencia	15	Nothing can be depended upon.
Uspallata	15	The same.
Casucha Las Vacas	13	
——Pujios	3	All dreary regions, no inhabitants.
——Paramillo	5	
——Las Cuevas	1	
——Cumbre	1½	
——Calaveras	1½	
——Laguna del Inca ..	1	
——Ojo del Agua	5	
Guardia de los Hornillos ...	5	Generally deserted in winter.
Santa Rosa (village)	13	Every thing may be procured.
Colina	19	A miserable village.
Santiago (city)	6	Excellent inns.
Bustamenti	10	Very good fare.
Casa Blanca	8	Very good fare and accommodation.
Valparaiso	12	Very good inns.
Total	134½	

By the above Table, it may be observed, that the traveller ought to lay in the whole of his stock of provisions, &c. before leaving Mendoza, as after leaving that city nothing can be depended upon with certainty until he arrives at Santa Rosa.

APPENDIX [B.]

HOMEWARD-BOUND VOYAGE.

No. I.

Abstract of the Voyage from Callao to Valparaiso.

Days of the Month.	Winds.	Latitude.	Longitude.	Ther.	REMARKS, &c.
1827.		S.	W.		
November 10th.	at 5 P. M.	sailed fro	m Callao	with a	light breeze from the southward.
——— 11th.	South	13° 5′	78° 21′	78°	Light breezes and hazy weather.
——— 12th.	..	14.28	79.29	78	Light breezes and fine.
——— 13th.	SSE.	15.48	80 33	74	Light breezes and fine.
——— 14th.	SE. by S.	16 38	81.23	74	Very light airs, nearly calm.
——— 15th.	..	17.34	82.21	74	Fresh breezes and squally.
——— 16th.	SE. by E.	19.20	83.34	74	Very squally weather.
——— 17th.	..	21.20	84.38	72	Strong breezes with a heavy swell.
——— 18th.	..	23.11	86. 3	70	Strong breezes and squally.
——— 19th.	..	24.57	87.19	67	Strong breezes and rainy.
——— 20th.	SE. by S.	26.48	88.44	66	Strong breezes with heavy sea.
——— 21st.	..	28.31	90. 8	66	Squally weather with rain.
——— 22nd.	..	30.00	91.32	66	Fresh breezes and variable weather.

Abstract of a Voyage from Calao to Valparaiso continued.

Days of the Month.	Winds.	Latitude.	Longitude.	Ther.	REMARKS, &c.
1827.		S.	W.		
November 23rd.	E. SE.	31° 39	92° 23′	65°	Light airs, nearly calm.
——— 24th.	Southerly	32.28	92.47	65	Light airs, calm at times.
——— 25th.	Variable	32.40	91.40	64	Calm, and cloudy weather.
——— 26th.	..	32.42	91. 5	62	Light steady airs with a swell.
——— 27th.	Westerly	32.56	89.45	62	Steady breezes with a heavy swell.
——— 28th.	S. Westerly	33. 7	87. 9	60	Steady breezes and fine.
——— 29th.	SW.	33.35	85.00	61	Fresh breezes and fine.
——— 30th.	..	33.37	81.58	60	Fresh breezes and hazy.
December 1st.	at 5 P. M.	saw the	Island of	Masa-	fuera, bearing east fifteen leagues.
——— 2nd.	at 8 P. M.	the Island	of Juan	Fernan	dez, bore south eight miles.
——— 3rd.	South	33.28	73.37	60	Strong gales with heavy sea.
——— 4th.	Southerly	33.40	..	55	Heavy gales, distance from coast fifteen leagues.
——— 5th.	..	33. 4	..	50	Strong gales, arrived in Valparaiso Bay.

No. II.

List of the Posts and Casuchas in crossing the Andes from Valparaiso to Mendoza.

Names of the Places.	Distance in Leagues.	Remarks.
Casa Blanca	12	Good house and fare.
Bustamente	8	Ditto.
Santiago	10	Lay in dry tongues, spirits or wine here.
Colina	6	A miserable Village.
Santa Rosa	19	Complete every thing here, for nothing further can be depended upon till arriving at Mendoza.
Guardia de los Hornillos	13	Generally deserted in Winter.
Casucha Ojo del Agua	5	
——— Laguna del Inca	5	
——— Calaveras	1	
——— Cumbre	1½	All dreary regions, no inhabitants.
——— Las Cuevas	1½	
——— Paramillo	1½	
——— Pujios	5	
——— Las Vacas	8	
Uspallata	13	Nothing to be depended upon.
Villavicencia	15	The same.
Mendoza	15	Very bad Inn for a City.
Total	134½	

No. III.

List of Post Houses in crossing the Pampas from Mendoza to Buenos Ayres.

Names of the Posts.	Distance in Leagues.	Remarks, &c.
Rodeo del Medio	5	Very good.
Retano	7	Very good.
Chacona	9	Good.
Catetos	6	Good.
Dormida del Negro	6	Good.
Corro Corto	10	Very good.
Corral de Cuero	8	Bad.
Tortugas	8	Good.
Desaguadera	3	Good fare, no post.
Represa	14	Good.
Town of San Luis	7	Bad Post House.
Rio Quinto	12	Tolerable.
Morro de St. Joze (Vill.) . . .	12	Bad Post House.
Porte Zuela	7	Good.
Achiras	5	Good.
Barranquita	5	Good post, but dirty.
La Aquadita	5	Good.
El Tambo	4	Bad.
Corral de Barrancas	4	Excellent.
Segua	4	Very bad.
Santa Barbara	4	Very good.
Punta de Agua	9	Good.
Canada de Lucas	6	Very bad.
Arrayo de St. Joze	5	Very good.
Esquina de Medrano	8	Excellent.
Tres Crues	4	Bad.
Frayle Muerto (Vill.)	4	Excellent.
Zanjon	4	Tolerable.
Barrancas	4	Good.
Saladillo	4	Very good.
Labaton	4	Tolerable.

List of Post Houses continued.

Names of Posts continued.	Distance in Leagues.	Remarks, &c.
Cabeza del Tigre	5	Good.
La Cruz Alta	4	Very bad.
Esquina de la Guardia	4	Very good.
Arequito	4	Bad.
Desmochado	4	Tolerable.
Candelaria	6	Tolerable.
Saladillo ó Manantiales	6	Good.
Cerrilla del Rosario	6	Very good.
Arro del Pavòn	7	Tolerable.
Arrayo del Medio	6	Good.
Olmos	5	Very good.
Manantiales	4	Bad, no Post-room.
Ponte Zuelas	4	Tolerable.
Arrecife	6	Very good.
Chacras de Ayala	7	Very bad.
La Cruz de Areco	5	Very bad.
Canada de la Cruz	6	Tolerable.
Town of Luxan	7	Excellent.
Canada de Escobar	3	Very bad.
Puente de Marques	6	Good.
Buenos Ayres	7	Excellent.
Total	309	Long Leagues.

No. IV.

Abstract of the Voyage from Buenos Ayres to Rio Janeiro.

Days of Month.	Winds.	Course.	Dist.	Latitude.	Longitude.	Ther.	REMARKS. &c.
1828.				S.	W.		
January 29th.	Sailed from	Buenos	Ayres	for Mon	te Video,	and	arrived on the 31st.
February 2d.	Sailed from	Monte	Video	with light	winds	and	clear weather.
3d.	SE.	S. 74° E.	94	35.22	54.00	72°	Fresh breezes and cloudy.
4th.	NNW.	S. 84 E.	134	35.36	51.10	72	Ditto weather
5th.	North	N. 79 E.	134	35. 9	48.30	70	Strong breezes and cloudy.
6th.	N. by W.	N. 81 E.	119	34.51	46.10	70	Squally weather and rain.
7th.	SE.	N. 35 E.	155	32.43	44.34	72	Fresh breezes and squally.
8th.	South	N. 23 E.	126	30.47	43.37	70	Light winds and cloudy.
9th.	S. and Calm	N. 18 E.	55	29.56	43.15	76	Light airs and calms.
10th.	Variable	North	100	28.16	43.12	78	Hard rain with lightning.
11th.	NNE.	North	87	26.50	43.13	81	Light winds and fine.
12th.	E. to ENE.	N. 5 E.	63	25.20	43.24	84	Light breezes and fine
13th.	NE. to ESE.	N. 13 W.	86	23.57	43.44	82	Ditto weather, Grand island in sight.
14th.	NW.		60	23.12	43. 5	80	Moderate winds, arrived at Rio.

No. V.

Abstract of the Voyage from Rio Janeiro to England.

Days of Month,	Winds.	Course.	Dist.	Lat.	Long.	Ther.	REMARKS, &c.
				S.	W.	°	
FEBRUARY 18	Variable.	..	..	23.4	42.56	80	Calm, sailed at day-light, P.M. light airs.
—— 19	NE.	S. 46 E.	83	24.7	41.57	80	Moderate breezes, and fine weather.
—— 20	NNE.	S. 62 E.	149	25.15	39.30	82	Fresh breezes, and fine.
—— 21	NE.	S. 80 E.	123	25.37	37.15	82	Ditto.
—— 22	NE. to N. by E.	S. 76 E.	140	26.9	34.44	79	Fresh breezes, and squally.
—— 23	NE. by E.	N. 81 E.	105	25.53	32.48	78	Moderate breezes, squally, with rain.
—— 24	NE.	S. 82 E.	80	26.48	31.20W	78	Light winds, and fine.
—— 25	NE.	S. 67 E.	65	26.29	30.13	80	Light variable winds, and fine weather.
—— 26	ENE.	North.	68	25.21	30.19	78	Moderate and fresh breezes.
—— 27	ENE.	N. 12 W.	144	23.00	30.52	—	Moderate and fine, boarded a Dutch ship.
—— 28	ENE.	N. 7 W.	121	21.00	31.10	—	Squally weather throughout.
—— 29	ENE.	N. 12 W.	119	19.4	31.39	—	Moderate wind, varying.
MARCH . . 1	ENE.	N. 9 W.	148	16.38	32.6	—	Fresh breezes throughout.
—— 2	E. by N.	N. 4 E.	138	14.21	31.51	—	Fresh breezes, and fine.
—— 3	Variable E.	N. 3 E.	137	12.4	31.41	—	Light breezes, P.M. fresh breezes.
—— 4	ENE.	N. 3 W.	147	9.38	31.54	—	Light breezes, boarded a ship.
—— 5	E. by N.	N. 5 E.	142	7.17	31.41	—	Moderate and fine, spoke an American brig.
—— 6	E. by N.	N. 2 E.	150	4.47	31.36	—	Moderate and fine, passed under the sun at 4 P.M.
—— 7	E. to NE.	N. 20 W.	99	3.14	32.10	—	Moderate, and light winds throughout.
—— 8	NE. by E.	N. 31 W.	73	2.17	32.58	—	Light winds, and cloudy.
—— 9	Variable.	N. 18 W.	74	1.7	33.19	—	Variable winds, with showers of rain.
—— 10	Vble. NE. by E.	N. 30 W.	48	0.25	33.42	—	Ditto.
—— 11	Variable.	N. 74 W.	39	0.13	34.21	—	Do. W. calm at times, a current set us S. by W. 28 miles.
—— 12	Vble. NE.	N. 63 W.	47	0.8N	35.1	—	Do. W. crossed the equator at 9 A.M. current set us SSW. 15 miles.
—— 13	Ditto.	N. 30 W.	84	1.20	35.44	—	Variable winds, heavy squalls, violent rain all day.
—— 14	ENE. to NE.	N. 30 W.	131	3.15N	36.47W	—	Violent squalls, and rainy, strong breezes.
—— 15	NE. by E.	N. 47 W.	185	5.21	39.2	—	Strong breezes, and heavy swell.
—— 16	ENE.	N. 32 W.	175	7.51	40.32	—	Strong trade-wind, and fine weather.
—— 17	ENE.	N. 30 W.	178	10.25	42.11	—	Ditto, with slight squalls.

APPENDIX. [B.]

Homeward-bound Voyage.

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ERRATUM.

Page 272, *for* three hundred and eight leagues, *read* three hundred and nine.

Abstract of the Voyage from Rio Janeiro to England continued.

Days of Month.	Winds.	Course.	Dist.	Lat.	Long.	Ther.	REMARKS, &c.
				N.	W.		
MARCH . . 18	E. by N.	N. 26 W.	178	13.6	43.19	—	Strong trade-wind, with slight squalls.
—— 19	E. by N.	N. 18 W.	158	15.36	44.20	—	Moderate, and fine weather.
—— 20	NE. by E.	N. 29 W.	144	17.41	45.27	—	Ditto weather.
—— 21	NE. to ENE.	N. 27 W.	136	19.45	46.30	—	Moderate, and light winds.
—— 22	E. by N.	North.	100	21.25	46.30	—	Light winds, and fine.
—— 23	E. by N. to ESE.	N. 2 W.	97	23.2	46.30	—	Ditto weather throughout.
—— 24	ESE. to SE.	N. 7 E.	135	25.16	46.5	—	Variable winds, with heavy squalls.
—— 25	ESE. to NE.	N. 19 W.	99	26.47	46.48	—	Squally, and rainy throughout.
—— 26	NE.	N. 47 W.	131	28.13	48.39	—	Fresh and strong breezes.
—— 27	NE.	N. 49 W.	136	29.47	50.43	—	Fresh and light breezes.
—— 28	NE. to N. by W.	N. 31 E.	51	30.30	50.12	—	Light and moderate breezes.
—— 29	NNW. to W.	N. 64 E.	175	31.46	47.11	—	Fresh breezes and squally, rainy.
—— 30	W. by S. to N.	N. 59 E.	208	33.29	43.37	—	Strong breezes and squally, rainy.
—— 31	N. to NW.	N. 64 E.	161	34.40	40.51	—	Strong breezes and squally weather.
APRIL . . . 1	Northerly.	N. 60 E.	177	36.11	37.28	—	Strong breezes and squally.
—— 2	Northerly.	N. 60 E.	150	37.26	34.46	—	Moderate and fine.
—— 3	N. to NNE.	N. 61 E.	100	38.14	33.00	—	First part light winds, latter part gales.
—— 4	Ditto.	N. 85 E.	177	38.29	29.24	—	Fresh gales, with heavy squalls.
—— 5	N by E. NE.	N. 85 E.	55	38.19	26.56	—	Strong gales, violent squalls.
Sunday . . 6	NE.	Point Delgada SE. by E. 7 miles.		37.46	25.52	—	Fresh gales, heavy squalls off the land, anchored off St. Michael's, at 4 P.M. more moderate.
—— 7	NE. to NW.	East end St. Michael's, 7 miles.		37.40	25.34	—	At 10 A.M. weighed and made sail for England, 3 P.M. passed the east end of St. Michael's.
—— 8	WNW.	N. 48 E.	107	38.58	23.27	—	Moderate winds and hazy weather.
—— 9	Ditto.	N. 46 E.	190	41.12	80.32	—	Fresh and moderate breezes.
—— 10	NNW. WSW.	N. 48 E.	130	42.40	18.24	—	Fresh and strong breezes, under full sail.
—— 11	SW. WSW.	N. 45 E.	191	44.55	15.18	—	Strong and fresh breezes, with squalls.
—— 12	WSW. WNW.	N. 46 E.	181	47.3	12.14	—	Strong breezes, night, strong gales.
Sunday . . 13	W. NW.	N. 42 E.	196	49.26	9.00	—	Fresh gales and squally, P.M. more moderate, 10 made Scilly lights.
—— 14	Running in for Falmouth, at 10 anchored in Falmouth outer harbour.						

VI.

Analysis of the Mineral Water, of temperature 91°, taken from the hot springs at the Inca's Bridge, in the Cordillera of the Andes.

Royal Institution,
June 2d, 1828.

SIR,

I have at last been able to find time to complete an examination of the water from the Inca's bridge which you gave into my hands; and though I have no doubt, from the nature of the water, that it had undergone changes since you removed it from its source, (as was indeed sufficiently evident from the deposition in it of black hydrosulphuret of iron,) it still was very curious in its natural characters.

The water is distinguished, in the first place, by a large quantity of sulphureted hydrogen, which it holds in solution; this renders it fetid, and very nauseous to the taste. It has at one time also been distinguished as a chalybeate, holding iron in solution, but at present all the iron is separated in the form above described.

The water holds excess of carbonic acid in solution, and by means of it, a large quantity of carbonate of lime is also dissolved.

Upon dissipating the carbonic acid, the carbonate of lime falls in abundance. I conclude that at the springs the water contained more carbonic acid than even that you gave me, and that the iron was formerly held in solution by it. Besides these substances, the water contains a large proportion of common salt, and also a considerable proportion of sulphate of lime; but there are no traces of magnesian salts.

The water was clear at first, with the exception of the small black flocculi; being filtered, its specific gravity was 1014.33 at 60° Farenheit; and ten cubical inches of it were found to yield forty-five grains of dry saline matter, of which, far the largest proportion was common salt.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) M. FARADAY.

Lieut. Charles Brand, R.N.

&c. &c. &c.

Analysis of the Mineral Water of temperature 83°.

Royal Institution,
June 24th, 1828.

SIR,

On examining the second bottle of water which you left with me, I find it in every respect like the former, except that it contains a larger proportion of common salt, and indeed of saline matters generally; but their nature, as well as that of the gases, is the same as for the former water.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) M. FARADAY.

Lieut. Charles Brand, R.N.
&c. &c. &c.

THE END.

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